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THE COMPANION.

VOL. III.

MOIN



THE

Vol. II





As those we love decay, we die in part.
 String after string is sever'd from the heart.

THE
COMPANION;
BEING
A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE
Most Admired Pieces from the best Authors,
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

Seek here, ye YOUNG, the anchor of your mind;
Here suff'ring AGE, a blest & provision find.

VOL. III.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR WATSON, ELDER, AND COMPANY,
PARLIAMENT CLOSE.

1791.

COMBINATION

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE

THE LIBRARY OF THE



AT THE

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR WATSON, WILSON, AND COMPANY,
BY WILLIAMSON GIBSON.

1852

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR correspondents will observe our plan is, that each number shall contain one whole or entire piece; from this we mean to deviate as seldom as possible.

It is further our wish not to mix poetry with prose, in the same number; without doing so R's favour would not have been complete:—besides, though the moral be good the poetry is but indifferent.

G. M's poem has got a place; but we have some doubts as to its originality.

P's STRICTURES ON WOMEN will appear in the next volume.

Clio, M. S. and Nestor, are received.

We cannot promise a place to any piece, whether poetry or prose, unless the author's name is communicated.

COMMUNICATIONS, post paid, addressed to the publishers, will be properly attended to.

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that each number shall contain one article or entire
piece, it is their wish to devote as follows as
pages.

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former should not have any complete—
though the moral is good in poetry is but insufficient.
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your design as to its originality.

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ESSAYS, POEMS, &c.

NUMBER I.

Our follies when display'd ourselves affright ;
Few are so bad, to bear the odious sight.
Mankind in herds, through force of custom stray,
Mislead each other into Error's way,
Pursue the road, forgetful of the end,
Sin by mistake, and, without thought offend.

ON THE FOLLY OF IMPLICITLY FOLLOWING
THE MODES OF FASHION.

FEW among mankind are able, and perhaps fewer are willing, to take the trouble of preserving with consistency a system of principles purely of their own selection. They separate themselves into large divisions, which, like the flock conducted by the sheep and bell, implicitly tread in the footsteps of some distinguished leader. Thus is the pain of consulting the judgment in every emergency easily avoided. The road becomes a beaten and a wide one, and each individual knows where to step, only by seeing the vestige of his predecessor.

But if the chosen leader is a treacherous or injudicious guide, the followers must inevitably be led into evil. Now it unfortunately happens, that the leaders, who are the most likely to attract the more numerous herds, are the least likely to possess the more valuable qualities. For what is it which chiefly attracts popular notice? vanity and effrontery. But these qualities imply dispositions obviously inconsistent with an eminent and solid virtue; though always united with shewy, superficial, and deceitful ornaments. Thus it happens, that the fashionable modes of thinking and living, whatever modes in the vicissitudes of human affairs assume that name, will seldom bear the test of inquiry, without discovering that they are futile and culpable. For who, indeed, was the greatest legislator who established them? Some rich man, or some titled lady, distinguished for boldness, but not for excellence; vain, presumptuous, and dictatorial, though qualified neither by nature, parts, nor education, to prescribe to others, and elevated to empire by a concurrence of favourable contingencies with their own aspiring efforts. Once seated on the throne, their edicts are arbitrary and irresistible. With the authority of their signature, there is no deformity which

will not assume the appearance of beauty, no vice which will not appear with all the confidence which naturally belongs to virtue, but which the delicacy of virtue is too apt to conceal.

The subjects of these self-erected tyrants are most truly slaves, though voluntary slaves; but as slavery of any kind is unfavourable to human happiness and improvement, I will venture to offer a few suggestions, which may induce the subjugated tribes to revolt, and claim their invaluable birth-right, their natural liberty.

To select a model for imitation is one of the best methods of facilitating the acquisition of any excellence. A living model not only shews what is to be done, but how. The imitation must not however be servile, as servile imitation is that which obeys the dictates of the master, without venturing to inquire into the reason of it. The servile imitator paces in the same round, like the mill-horse, whose eyes are hoodwinked that he may not be allured by intervening objects, to deviate from the tedious circle into a path of his own selection.

It may not be improper to premise, that to one individual his own natural rights and possessions, of whatever kind, are as valuable as those of another are to that other. It is his

own happiness which is concerned in his choice of principles and conduct. By these he is to stand, or by these to fall.

In making this important choice then, let the sense of its importance lead him to assert the rights of man. These rights will justify him in acting and thinking as far as the laws of that community, whose protection he seeks, can allow, according to the suggestions of his own judgment. He will do right to avoid adopting any system of principles, or following any pattern of conduct, which his judgment has not pronounced conducive to his happiness, and consistent with his duties; consistent with those duties which he owes to his God, to his neighbour, to himself, and to his society. Though the small circle with whom he is personally connected, may think and act differently, and may even despise and ridicule his singularity, yet let him persevere. His duty, his freedom, his conscience, and his happiness, must appear to every thinking man, superior to all considerations.

Men act wrong, scarcely less often from the defect of courage, than of knowledge and of prudence. Dare to be wise, said an ancient; in order to which, it will first be necessary to dare to be singular. But in this and every other effort of virtue, it must not be extended

beyond the golden mean. The singularity which I recommend will be as distant from moroseness and misanthropy, and from *ridiculous oddity*, as it will from an unmanly and pernicious submission to those who possess no reasonable right to take the lead.

If the immoderate fear of appearing singular is injurious to health, to fortune, to peace of mind, and to rational enjoyment, as perhaps on a farther consideration it will appear to be, I shall contribute something to promote happiness, by daring to be so singular as to recommend singularity.

Of the many young men who impair their constitutions by early excess and debauchery, a great part is instigated to irregularity by other motives than the impulses of passion. A young man just introduced into the company of his equals, entertains a natural and laudable desire to recommend himself to their favour. If they indulge in wine to excess, or in any other intemperance, he must do so likewise; for he cannot bear to be singular; and has, besides, received among his prudential rules, that he is to do as the rest do, wherever he may be fixed; and who indeed will dare to disobey the precept which commands us, While we are at Rome, to do as they do at Rome? Thus is the

favour of our temporary companions gained ; but our health, which was designed to endure, and with proper management would have endured till the regular decays of nature, is greatly injured, or totally destroyed. I will then venture to exhort the young man, not to dread the imputation of singularity so much, as to endanger the loss of that which can seldom be completely regained, and without which no favour, no applause, no popularity, can give to life its natural sweetness.

With respect to that ruin which consists in the loss of fortune and the accumulation of debt, it is daily effected by the fear of singularity. However their finances may have declined, they who are whirled in the vortex of fashion, cannot retrench. They must act as their equals act ; they must, like others, dress, keep a table, an equipage, and resort to public diversions. It is *necessary*, according to their ideas ; and they tacitly acknowledge the obligation to be much greater than that of the moral duties. For who could bear to be *odd* people, to descend among the tribes of those whom no body knows, and who indeed are distinguished only for the plain qualities of probity and decency ? Indulgence and extravagancies are thus allowed, not altogether for the pleasure they afford,

but often from the horror of singularity. It is to be wished, that the horror of a bankruptcy, a goal, an elopement, or a pistol, possessed even half the influence.

In destroying health and fortune, it certainly destroys that peace of mind, without which all external advantages whatever are but like music and painting, banquets and perfumes, to him who has lost all powers of perception. But supposing health and fortune to be preserved, yet the fear of singularity will lead to omissions and commissions which will one day hurt a conscience not intirely insensible. Religion and duty enjoin many things which are real solecisms and downright barbarisms in the school of fashion.

When health, fortune, and peace are gone, it may be justly said, no arguments are necessary to prove that there can be no enjoyment. But supposing them not entirely renounced, and that room were left for some degree of happiness, even that little would be greatly lessened by a too scrupulous fear of deviating from the arbitrary standard of a fantastic mode. The tastes, fancies, inclinations of other men, cannot please us like the genuine choice of our native feelings, directed by our own judgment. They may indeed be adopted, and even loved;

but an adopted child seldom excites and soothes our sensibilities, in a degree equal to that which is caused by our own.

Upon the whole, I cannot help thinking, that however Pride may vaunt herself, and Fashion may assume airs of superior wisdom in her choice, it is singularly foolish, absurd, and wicked, to decline any practices and any habits, however unusual, which evidently tend to render a man singularly learned, singularly good, and singularly happy.

NUMBER II.

The blithsome Goddess soothes my care.

ODE TO FANCY.

O Parent of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.

O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid careless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landskip lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water you reside,
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Midst forest dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor e'en one straw-roof'd coat was rear'd,
Where nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,

And on whose top an hawthorn grows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest :
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spencer thro' a fairy grove ;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly-soothing sound !

Me, Goddess by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads ;
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads ;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song.

Yet not those flow'ry fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ :
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh !

Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some Virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;
Or to some Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where to avoid cold winter's show'rs,
The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat ;
The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows shrieks I hear ;
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo ! the base Gallic squadrons fly ;
Whence is this rage ?——What spirit say,
To battle hurries me away ?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where tumult and destruction reign ;
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead :

Where giant Terror stalks around,
With fullen joy furveys the ground,
And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield !

O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun ;
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss.

When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose ;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks ;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold,
At ev'ry season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy pow'rful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to ev'ry line ;
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,

Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.

O hear our prayer! O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespear's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling grave;
O Queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly strike the sounding lyre,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
And with some new unequall'd song
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain:
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grotto's talk:
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce:
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critics studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

NUMBER III.

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

THE FOLLY OF AMBITION ILLUSTRATED.

I AM the son of a younger brother of a good family, who at his decease left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a year. I was put early to Eton school, where I learnt Latin and Greek; from which I went to the university, where I learnt—not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profession, I removed myself to town, and lived for some time, as most young gentlemen do, by spending four times my income. But it was my happiness, before it was too late, to fall in love and to marry a very amiable young creature, whose fortune was just sufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured, as well as I was able, to square my wishes to my circumstances. In this endeavour I succeeded so well, that except a few

private hankerings after a little more than I possessed, and now and then a figh when a coach and fix happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I can truly assure you, that though our family œconomy was not much to be boasted of, and in consequence of it we were frequently driven to great straits and difficulties, I experienced more real satisfaction in this humble situation, than I have ever done since in more enviable circumstances. We were sometimes a little in debt, but when money came in, the pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than equivalent for the pain it put us to: and though the narrowness of our circumstances subjected us to many cares and anxieties, it served to keep the body in action as well as the mind; for, as our garden was somewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew health from our necessities.

I had a little boy who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been spoilt by nursing, if the attention of his parent had not been otherwise employed. His mother was naturally of a sickly constitution; but the affairs of her family, as they engrossed all her

thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which, to those who have nothing else to think of, are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us than to persons in easier circumstances; for it is a certain truth, however you readers may please to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. And even in the happiest situation, in the midst of ease, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself; losing the immediate enjoyment of those invaluable blessings, by the painful suggestion that they are too great for continuance.

These are the reflections that I have made since: for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a distant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for some time the happiest man living. My income was now increased to six hundred a year; and I hoped, with a little œconomy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in less easy circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my thoughts, and soured all my enjoyments. The

consciousness too, of having such an estate to leave my boy, made me so anxious to preserve him, that instead of suffering him to run at pleasure where he pleased, and to grow hardy by exercise, I almost destroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, because we were in circumstances to have it kept by others: but as air and exercise were necessary for our health, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some unnecessary articles, and to set up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expences, which we had neither prudence to foresee, nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our visits, it greatly increased our acquaintance, and subjected us to the necessity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all those which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were too great for the income we possessed; inso-much that we found ourselves in a very short time more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unsuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell, the best part of my estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep

up the parade any longer, we thought it advisable to remove of a sudden, to sell our coach in town, and to look out for a new situation, at a great distance from our acquaintance.

But unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute want, when, by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two sons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I succeeded to an estate of seven thousand pounds a year.

And now, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man: and so indeed I was. I set about the regulation of my family with the most pleasing satisfaction. The splendour of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of servants that attended me, the elegance of my furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible delight, so long as they were novelties: but no sooner were they become habitual to me, than I lost all manner of relish for them; and I discovered, in a very little time, that by having nothing to wish for, I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by satiety, a

perpetual crowd of visitors robbed me of all domestic enjoyment, my servants plagued me, and my steward cheated me.

But the curse of greatness did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than myself. My uncle had been a great party-man, and a zealous opposer of all ministerial measures; and as his estate was the largest of any gentleman's in the county, he supported an interest in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court-party, which determined me, in gratitude, to declare myself on that side: but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; insomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every thing I have undertaken. To desert the cause I have embarked in would disgrace me, and to go greater lengths in it would undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual state of warfare with the principal gentry of the country, and am cursed by my tenants and dependants for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their conscience.

My wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the thought of being useful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the

poor and industrious ; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourselves ; and the agents we entrust are either pocketing our bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At night, when we retire to rest, we are venting our complaints on the miseries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace which was only the companion of our humblest situation.

This, Sir, is my history ; and if it may serve to inculcate this important truth that, where pain, sickness, and absolute want are out of the question no external change of circumstances can make a man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to the ignorance of this truth that the universal dissatisfaction of mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the lot of life ; and he that aspires to greatness, in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

The only satisfaction I can enjoy in my present situation is, that it has not pleased Heaven in its wrath to make me a king.

NUMBER IV.

Destroy all creatures for thy *sport* or *gust*.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

THE sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
And kindly loos'd the frozen soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
And ploughmen urged their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng
Whom Nature wakes to mirth and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove :

" O fairest of the feather'd train !
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

For see the wintry storms are flown,
And gentle Zephyrs fan the air ;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

The raven plumes his jetty wing
To please his croaking paramour ;
The larks responsive ditties sing,
And tell their passion as they soar.

But trust me, love, the raven's wing
Is not to be compar'd with mine ;
Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
As I, who strength with sweetness join.

O ! let me all thy steps attend !
I'll point new treasures to thy sight ;
Whither the grove thy wish befriend,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll shew my love the clearest rill
Whose streams among the pebbles stray,
These will we sip, and sip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead her to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the school-boy's eye ;
For her the plaister'd nest I'll make,
And on her downy pinions lie.

When prompted by a mother's care,
Her warmth shall form th' imprison'd young ;
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,
Or cheer her labours with my song.

To bring her food I'll range the fields,
And cull the best of every kind;
Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
And love's assiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would stray
To taste the summer sweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
And tend with care our little charge.

Then prove with me the sweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life;
No bush shall boast in all the grove
So fond a mate, so blest a wife."

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
With soft indulgence heard the strain;
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
And hasted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And nestled closely to her side;
The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
And she the most delighted bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
"Behold," he said, "the new-born day!
The lark his matin peal has rung,
Arise, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side;
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy, and decent pride.

When oh! with grief the muse relates
The mournful sequel of my tale;
Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, " My dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly:
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;
O spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim;
His aim, alas! was all too true:
O! had he chose some other game!
Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse;
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

NUMBER V.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

ON THE FITNESS OF MAN FOR SOCIETY.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind or a different? Is every thing subservient to me as though I had ordered all myself? No, nothing like it—the farthest from it possible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not. But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, it is not possible. What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this—If I seek an interest of my own detached from that of others, I seek

an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am a fool for staying here: it is a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But, farther still, I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again, I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupenduous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety! Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its great Governor, our common Parent.

NUMBER VI.

—And can my soul the tale believe,
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring leave
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!

AURA AND ALEXIS.

FAR distant from the busy train
A beauteous pair reside;
The fairest nymph on all the plain,
And he the shepherd's pride.
On Aura blooming health bestows
Charms unimprov'd by art;
Her cheek, like modest roses, glows,
To captivate the heart.

The lilies, in her bosom plac'd,
Forget their native bed;
And snow-drops, by that bosom grac'd,
A new-born sweetness shed.

Alexis, oft in soft tun'd lays,
His Aura's beauties sings;
The neighb'ring forest with her praise
In answ'ring echoes rings.

At noon, beside the gurgling stream,
She hears his artless tale ;
Or listens to his love-sick theme,
In some sequester'd vale.

Thus blest, and blessing each, they dwelt,
With virtuous passion burn'd ;
And, with an heart-felt rapture, felt
That virtuous flame return'd.

But, ah ! how fleeting are our joys,
How subject to decay !
Corroded by unseen alloys,
They transient pass away.

Near Aura's cot a mansion stood,
And rear'd its lofty head
Amidst the cloud-aspiring wood,
Which far its branches spread.

Alonzo, of a noble race,
Possess'd this stately pile ;
A youth adorn'd with every grace
That might the heart beguile.

As passing by, one day, by chance,
Where lovely Aura stray'd,
He view'd her various charms askance,
And all her form survey'd.

He view'd her lips, of rubies made,
Her glossy nut-brown hair,
Whose ringlets cast a pleasant shade,
And made her neck more fair.

The frighted maid, in dread surprise,
With fault'ring footsteps flew,
And turning back her sparkling eyes,
"From whence," she cry'd, "are you?"

The youth with extasy address'd
The unexperienc'd maid :
"Return, return, thou heav'n-born guest,
"Nor be of aught afraid.

"Let no vain doubts thy thoughts molest,
"Thou more than mortal fair ;
"Be lull'd thy mind to tranquil rest,
"And banish'd every care.

"Behold thy suppliant lover faint
"Entreats thee not to fly ;
"Oh, deign to hear his tender plaint,
"Or bid him instant die.

"But Nature never form'd that frame
"On purpose to destroy ;
"Then let me from thy pity claim
"A distant hope of joy."

In am'rous strains he told with sighs,
The flame his bosom felt,
And pearly tears bedew'd his eyes,
The lovely maid to melt.

With elegance his language flow'd,
In pleasing accents dress'd,
And while her face with blushes glow'd,
Her willing hand he press'd.

Her half-averted cheek he kiss'd,
And vow'd his love sincere;
Nor could her feeling heart resist
The tribute of a tear.

Awhile her wav'ring mind's resolv'd;
Awhile she doubts again;
Now thinks how well Alexis lov'd,
Then deems his loving vain.

At length she bids a last farewell
To swains and rural life,
Forfakes her peaceful, humble cell,
And is Alozono's wife.

In scenes of joy her time she spends,
With mirth her hours all glide,
And chearful gaiety attends
This more than happy bride.

Her days 'midst soft delight she past,
In pleasure's mystic round,
Each night more happy than the last,
With fresh enjoyments crown'd.

But soon the fickle youth was cloy'd,
Ev'n with his Aura's charms ;
He saw, admired, and enjoy'd,
Then fated—left her arms.

Say, who can paint the various pains
Which Aura's bosom rent,
Or who recount her piteous strains
And not her fate lament ?

'Twas now she found her native cot
Could more content bestow,
Than those in an exalted lot,
Amidst their greatness, know.

'Twas now she thought on those blest days,
Devoid of guilt or fear,
When she her faithful shepherd's lays
With rapture us'd to hear.

“ Alas ! forsaken as thou art,”
The hapless mourner cry'd,
“ Justly thy bosom feels the smart
“ Of coquetry and pride.

“ Ah, why did flatt’ry’s fyren voice

“ So soon enchant my ear ?

“ Or why was glitt’ring state my choice,

“ Befet with thorns of care ?

“ Say, injur’d youth—Alexis say—

“ Have not the gods above

“ Espous’d thy cause with rigid sway,

“ And punish’d faithless love ?

“ But cease, my heart, upbraiding’s vain,

“ Nor fill with tears my eye,

“ No more with fruitless words complain,

“ But teach me how to die.

“ And if departed souls attend

“ The actions of mankind,

“ Ah, may I be the guardian friend

“ Of him I leave behind !

“ Oh, may I ever whisper peace

“ To dear Alexis’ mind,

“ And may he soon his joys increase

“ With one more just and kind !”

NUMBER VII.

But only virtue shews the paths of peace.

ALMERINE AND SHELIMA.

A Fairy Tale.

IN those remote times when, by the intervention of fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that "she should be sought in marriage
"by a sovereign prince."

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the ærial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting; she, therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, "that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, "and that all her wishes should spontaneously "produce an opposite effect."

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina

had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from the world; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah as some reproach to themselves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which they should not participate, but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that “to the taste of Shelimah the
“ coarsest food should be the most exquisite
“ dainty; that the rags which covered her
“ should, in her estimation, be equal to cloth of
“ gold; that she should prize a palace less
“ than a cottage; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her
“ breast.” To prevent the vexation which

would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with Content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover; her breast was cor-

rod by detestation, when others were softened by pity ; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury : but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion, on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the East. He had just attained the meridian of life ; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees, and herbs. Of him she learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant ; how they expand and quicken by degrees ; how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which, rising from the root, hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers and fruits, infinitely various in colour and taste and smell : of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whither by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whither by some potion which Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known ; but of Nourassin

she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the Fairy, "that she should be sought in marriage by a "sovereign prince," was now at an end. It was the custom of the nobles to present their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wished to prevent with solicitude and terror. The period, urged forward like every thing future, with silent and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of SOLIMAN had been raised, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety and perturbation: he discovered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced, like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promise of the Fairy, which he wanted himself; and perceived, with regret, that her distress rather increased than diminished: this incident, however, as he had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine, co-

vered with ornaments, by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had sat ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him, "To-morrow," said he, "I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my domi-

“ nion to posterity : to-morrow, the daughter
“ of Omaraddin shall be my wife.”

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine : who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants ; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cause of her distress : this however was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable ; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment, yet appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as is common to the sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by his physician Nourassin.

Nourassin, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the

women, who could not be dismissed : but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the chearfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine ; she readily comprehended, that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was compleated. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent ; and then exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced on his mind, rose at the dawn of day ; and sending for her principal attendant, who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep ; and that a cordial

had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the chearful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immedi-

ately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less than an hour, she was covered with leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the presages of recovery, and shewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her desolation to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror, earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and, in this interval of recollection he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections

he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone, by a second marriage, for the errors of the first. He considered how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation, throughout all the provinces of his empire: "Soliman, whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life has been endangered, by the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by Vice beauty became yet more odious than ugliness; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence which, without Virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others."

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened that, about this time, the person to whose care she was committed, after a short sickness, died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions; but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes,

she suffered no disappointment ; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade ; she listened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom Nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great ; “ but,” said she, “ if your proclamation be true, “ I should rejoice to be the instrument of such “ admonition to mankind ; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most de- “ formed of my species.” The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect : her skin which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to encrease, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less ; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now

black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confusion encrease, would have retired in silence; but she was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the counsel of his father, came forward, and placed his forehead on the footstool of the throne: "Let the King," said he "accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be

“honoured? to whom will it be transmit-
“ted alone? Will not the story of the wife
“of Soliman descend with her name? will
“it not be known, that thy desire of beauty
“was not gratified, till it had been subdued?
“that by an iniquitous purpose beauty became
“hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity
“became fair?”

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

“Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Al-
“merine, who still lives the reproach of pa-
“rental folly, of degraded beauty, and per-
“verted sense. Remember Almerine; and
“let her example and thy own experience
“teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning,

“affluence, and honour, are not essential to
“human felicity ; with these she was wretch-
“ed, and without them thou wast happy. The
“advantages which I have hitherto bestowed,
“must now be obtained by an effort of thy
“own : that which gives relish to the coarsest
“food, is Temperance ; the apparel and the
“dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are
“equal in the estimation of Humility ; and
“the torment of ineffectual desires is pre-
“vented, by the resignation of Piety to the
“will of Heaven ; advantages which are in the
“power of every wretch, who repines at the
“unequal distribution of good and evil, and
“imputes to Nature the effects of his own
“folly.”

The king, to whom Shelimah communi-
cated these precepts of the Fairy, caused them
to be transcribed, and, with an account of the
events which had produced them, distributed
over all his dominions. Precepts which were
thus enforced, had an immediate and extensive
influence ; and the happiness of Soliman and
of Shelimah was thus communicated to the
multitudes whom they governed.

NUMBER VIII.

O! let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden
smil'd,

And, still where many a garden flow'r grows
wild;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place dis-
close,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich—with forty pounds a-year.
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race;
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change
his place

Unpractis'd he, to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their
pain.

The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd:

The broken foldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd
to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride;
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
But, in this duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd, and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:

Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to
raise;

And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,

His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,

With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;

Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,

And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile:

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;

Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares dis-
tress'd:

To them, his heart, his love, his griefs were
giv'n;

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:—

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,

Swells from the vale, and mid-way leaves the
storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

NUMBER IX.

—Such woes,
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulyssus tell without a tear.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS *.

THERE are no misfortunes or calamities incident to human life which touch us so sensibly as those which befall persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness, when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct; but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reason and choice, which has always made me think the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

* See Frontispiece.

For this reason the wise Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greatest afflictions which could befall human life, and insensibly polished their tempers by such representations. Among the modern, indeed, there has arose a chimerical method of disposing the fortune of the persons represented, according to what they call poetical justice; and letting none be unhappy but those who deserve it. In such cases, an intelligent spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be so; and can learn nothing from such a tenderness, but that he is a weak creature, whose passions cannot follow the dictates of his understanding. It is very natural, when one is got into such a way of thinking, to recollect those examples of sorrow which have made the strongest impression upon our imaginations. An instance of such you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady of ancient and honourable houses in Cornwall, had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their

relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, *You see how faithful love is rewarded.*

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last (though he designed to return with the next ship) he lamented in his letters, that business would detain him some time longer from home, because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman, and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life in the happy changes of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquility, observing the setting of the sun,

the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her, she saw first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be god-mother. Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. Who knows (said she) but this may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? Or, may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended on his life? there may, for ought we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to

poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, it is a dreadful sight! the best office we can do is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turned away, when a wave threw the carcase on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, oh, my cousin! and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropt in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child (as she always called him) dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswomen both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

NUMBER X.

At times, to veil, is to reveal,

And to display is to conceal ;

Mysterious are your laws !

The vision's finer than the view ;

Her landscape Nature never drew

So fair as fancy draws.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

THE Queen of Love, as poets feign,
First issu'd from the briny main,

All nature without art ;

Yet, 'ere she triumph'd o'er mankind,
Full half her charms she first confin'd,

And thus she won each heart.

Her auburn locks in ringlets play'd,
And seem'd to scorn the ribbon's aid,

And wanton'd in the breeze.

Her snowy bosom heav'd and fell,
As Zephyr fann'd its lovely swell,

While scarce he stirr'd the trees.

Yet even such charms as these, in time,
Fail in their zest, and lose their prime,

And cloy the lover's eye ;

Then round her waist she girt her zone,
And less profuse of favours grown,

Oft heard her vot'ry's sigh :

Charms, seen by *chance*, and *hardly* seen,
Add loveliness to beauty's queen ;

And wake each chaste desire.

Th' imagination longs to rove

In fields forbid to all but love,

While ev'ry thought's on fire.

Then, gentle maids, your charms deny

To every lawless wand'ring eye ;

So may you each be blest'd ;

So may your lovers husbands prove,

And husbands still increase in love,

Possessing and possessed.

NUMBER XI.

—Whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness?

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools, as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprized to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction; and quickly shake off the reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse

upon questions, about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful in great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degrees of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness; and therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable of receiving, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the

fun in his evening declination ; he remits his
splendor but retains his magnitude, and pleases
more, though he dazzles less.

NUMBER XII.

What virtue seem'd, was done by thee alone.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade thee form **her** infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse ! **thy** rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :

What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learn'd to melt at
others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend the flatt'ring Foe,
By vain prosperity receiv'd ;
To her they vow their truth, and are again
believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend ;
With Justice, to herself severe ;
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien.

With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear;
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark, extinct, revive;
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan;
What others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

NUMBER XIII.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than Heaven pursue.

THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.

AT the conclusion of the war between the Imperialists and Turks, the beginning of the present century, Count Bertrimeli, a noble Venetian, who had distinguished himself under the great prince Eugene, retired to his own country, where he shortly after married a lady of great beauty, rank, and fortune, whose ex-

cellent qualities only served to make her loss felt with the greater severity, as she died soon after the birth of her first child. This stroke plunged the Count into a scene of the deepest distress, and threw him at length into a disorder of the nervous kind, which put a period to his life before his little son Rinaldo was three years old.

The Count had been accompanied in all his campaigns against the Ottomans by Ludovico, his brother, whom he loved with great affection. At their return to Venice, this gentleman had privately married a woman of low birth, a circumstance which he had carefully concealed from the Count, who left him sole executor and guardian of his child. Ludovico, though naturally good-tempered, was easily influenced by designing people, and infected with the vice of gaming. His own patrimony he had dissipated soon after his marriage, and a little estate which fell to him by the death of the Count, was hardly sufficient to discharge the demands of his creditors, which were exceedingly numerous, from his own attachment to play, and the extravagance of his wife.

Upon his undertaking the management of young Rinaldo's fortune, he had two children; and the title and estate falling to him on the

decease of his nephew, his wife began to entertain thoughts of a very inhuman nature against the young nobleman, who improved in mind and person to such an uncommon degree, that before he was four years of age, he was the admiration of all who saw him. The family of Ludovico still increased, and his lady, who constantly wished for the death of Rinaldo, determined to bring that desirable circumstance about at all events. She had often distantly hinted her intention to her husband, who at first started with horror at the design; but was at length, from the dazzling prospect of enriching himself and his children, prevailed on to form a plan for taking off the innocent youth.

A negroe slave, who had long served them with great fidelity, was pitched upon to execute the dreadful purpose of this barbarous pair. Rinaldo had, ever since the death of his father, during the summer months, been left at a country-seat belonging to the Count near Padua, with a few of his uncle's domestics; and that retirement was thought a fit place for the accomplishment of their intention. As they wished the circumstances to pass without suspicion, they continued at Venice, after giving the slave full instructions

how to proceed. This instrument of cruelty, on his arrival at the castle, produced directions from Ludovico for taking Rinaldo to Venice. On the road he attempted to strangle him; but the cries, the innocence, and weakness of the child, all conspired to melt the assassin into compassion, and he found it impossible to persevere in what he had undertaken. Terrified, however, with the thoughts of being punished by Ludovico, he determined to conceal the infant, and pretend he had strictly executed his commission. He therefore proceeded to Verona, where he left the child with the wife of a peasant, whom he had known many years, giving her a few sequins, and promising to send her a constant supply. He then returned with the utmost expedition to Venice, and declared to his unfeeling employers, that he had destroyed the child.

Ludovico was petrified with horror at the news. His wife, however, endeavoured to rally him out of his apprehensions, and, for some time, their scheme seemed to be attended with the most prosperous consequences, as the report of Rinaldo's dying in convulsions was not contradicted; and the title and estate descended to his uncle without opposition. But the reflections of Ludovico, upon the inhu-

man steps he had taken, continually produced the most accute sensations, and tore his guilty heart.

He continued thus unhappy in the midst of affluence, for some years, when his lady was accidentally overturned in her carriage, near Padua, and, besides breaking her arm, received so violent a contusion on the head, that, notwithstanding all the assistance of the healing art, she died a few weeks after, in the utmost agonies, calling upon heaven to forgive her for the murder of the innocent Rinaldo.

At this period Ludovico's eldest son Ferdinand, and his daughter Angelica, a most accomplished girl, having been left at Venice, were prevailed on, in the absence of their parents, to accompany one of their friends, on a party of pleasure in a felucca, down the Gulph of Venice to St. Marino, when a hurricane arising, they were driven out to sea, and, notwithstanding all possible inquiry was made, no tidings could be obtained of them.

The news of this disaster was received by Ludovico, during the preparations for his lady's funeral. Overwhelmed with grief, he could not help confessing the justice of providence in the accumulation of his misfortunes, and deprecated Heaven to terminate them in

the speediest manner. His house was filled with mourning, and his hours were passed in sorrow and remorse. Corbaccio the negroe, one day meeting his master accidentally in the garden, Ludovico flew upon him, in a paroxysm of rage. "It is to thee, thou cursed wretch," cried he, "that I owe all my miseries, I can bear them no longer, and will this instant put an end to thy hated life and my own." The poor wretch, perceiving his master's sword at his breast, intreated to be heard a few moments, and candidly related the whole of his proceedings with respect to Rinaldo.

The Count could hardly give credit to the tale. He made the negro repeat it several times, and experienced, in the recital, sensations he had long been a stranger to. He took the fellow by the hand, and thanked him a thousand times for his conduct: "Fly directly," said he, "to Verona, take my purse, and bring me a convincing proof of what you have asserted; which has thrown such a gleam of comfort on my mind that for the present I have forgot all my calamities."

The slave proceeded with the utmost expedition to the cottage where he had left the

young nobleman; but to his great mortification, found the peasant and his wife **were** removed from their habitation in consequence of the oppression of their landlord, and were gone to reside in the Duchy of Parma.

Corbaccio, unwilling to return to his master, without bearing the wished-for intelligence, continued his journey to the last mentioned place, and, after the strictest inquiry, only discovered that a countryman, who answered his description, had been seen there some time before. With a heavy heart the black turned his face to Padua; but, before he had proceeded many miles, he overtook a company of travellers on the road, among whom he soon recollected his old acquaintance. After expressing his joy at the circumstance, he eagerly inquired after Antonio; for that was the name the negro had given the young Count, when he left him in the cottage.

The fellow appeared a good deal confused upon this occasion, which redoubling the anxiety of Corbaccio, he put some money into the peasant's hand and entreated him to conceal nothing, as a matter of the utmost consequence depended on his information. The latter, at length, confessed that the negro not keeping his word in supplying him and his

wife at particular periods with a small sum of money which he had promised to do, they had consented to let Antonio, at the age of seven years, go into the service of Lord Walsingham, an English nobleman, who was struck with his behaviour, on seeing him bring poultry and other things into the Hotel where he lodged, in Verona.

Corbaccio, accompanied by the countryman, proceeded to Padua, where Ludovico was acquainted with the above particulars, which proved some relief to his distracted mind. He dispatched an express to London to the nobleman in whose service his Rinaldo had engaged, and was not a little chagrined to find Lord Walsingham had been dead some time, and that no one knew what was become of the Italian youth who had been brought up in his family. Ludovico's melancholy only met with a slight palliation from all he could collect relating to Rinaldo. The loss of his wife, and more particularly his children, which he looked on as striking proofs of the vengeance of Heaven, afflicted him in such a manner, that he determined, as soon as the youngest and only child he had then left, arrived at the years of discretion, to make his estate over to him and retire to a convent.

Eighteen months had elapsed from the time Ferdinand and Angelica had been missing, when letters came to Venice that they were safely arrived at Naples, after having been taken by a Moorish chebec and carried into Algiers. This intelligence roused Ludovico from his despondency, and the sight of his children soon after produced such a tumult in his bosom that he was hardly able to support it. Your pardon, Sir, said Ferdinand, throwing himself at his father's feet, for the indiscretion I was guilty of, in taking my sister on our little party in your absence; we have paid dear for the expedition; the second day after leaving Venice, a storm arose which drove us on the coast of Turkey, where we were suddenly boarded by the crew of a corsair; resistance was in vain; and, though I offered a considerable sum for my sister's ransom, the Moorish captain refused it, but steered his course for Algiers, from whence I repeatedly wrote an account of our situation to you, but understood some time after the letters miscarried. I was disposed of to a Jew; but my sister was kept by the Captain, who, being struck with her beauty, intended her for his seraglio; avarice, however, overcame his passion, and a worthy young gentleman, secretary to the English

envoy there, hearing our story, generously paid him the price he asked for her release ; thus preserving her from violation, and soon after obtained my liberty. " O Sir," said Angelica, " he is the best of men, the obligations we owe him are inexpressible ; we have prevailed on him to accompany us to Venice, and he waits below to pay his respects to my dear father." " Let me see him," said Ludovico, " and thank him as I ought for your preservation."

The secretary was directly introduced, when the old Count took him in his arms and tenderly embraced him. In the course of the conversation, hearing the stranger called by the name of Walsingham, Ludovico was alarmed ; he eyed the youth with great eagerness, and fancied he saw the image of his brother the deceased Count Bertrimelli. Are you an Englishman, Sir, said Ludovico ? Not absolutely, my Lord, returned the other, only by adoption ; I was born in Italy, and carried from thence very young. By Lord Walsingham, said the Count eagerly. Yes, my Lord ! It is he ! It is Rinaldo, cried the nobleman, and fell speechless on the floor. The family was immediately alarmed, and, when Ludovico recovered, he loaded his kinf-

man with careſſes, and related the whole ſtory of his treatment with the utmoſt candour. The old peaſant preſſed to ſee his dear child, as he called Rinaldo; and he knew him inſtantly from a ſcar he had received on his forehead, on being attacked in his childhood by a wolf. Nothing was known now in Ludovico's palace but joy and feſtivity; which was increaſed ſome weeks after by a marriage which took place between Angelica and her deliverer. Ludovico's wiſhes being entirely accompliſhed; having reſigned his poſſeſſions to Rinaldo and divided his perſonal eſtate between his ſons, he retired to a convent, where he paſſed the winter of his days in the utmoſt tranquillity.

NUMBER XIV.

Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Let Nature wear her wonted bloom.

L' ALLEGRO; OR, THE CHEERFUL MAN.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shades, and shrieks, and sights
unholy
Find out some uncooth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n y'clep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some fages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violet blue,
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksome, blythe and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple fleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right-hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horns
Clearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight:
While the plow-man near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower wets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures;
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray:

Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied ;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their favoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind his sheaves ;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlet will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,

With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;
She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lanthorn led ;
Tells how the drugging goblin swet
To earn his cream-bowl duly set
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the lubbar friend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matten rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow' red cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With stores of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro' mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony:
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

NUMBER XV.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown,
O! grant me honest Fame, or grant me none.

ON HONOUR.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names in the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood,

I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, and it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

Honour's

Honour's sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with.—

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his maker, or destructive to

society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among men of true honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time, run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret, that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a young lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families, who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place we are to consider those persons who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate

and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hope of a heretic than of an athiest. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent und undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

NUMBER XVI.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?

ON THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

SAY, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
In fight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfalt'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of Heav'n? Else where-
fore burns

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,

And mocks possession? Wherefore darts the
mind,

With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms: impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross controul of wilful might:
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring
eye

Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black
with shade,

And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heav'n aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the hea-
vens;

Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she
soars

The blue profound, and hovering round the sun;

Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; thro' its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance,—whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd

up

In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, nor pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,

Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

NUMBER XVII.

Husband thy possessions.

ON PRODIGALITY.

IT is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection; and too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but

young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes, Syrens that entice him to shipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn, or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockeys, vintners and attorneys, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is not yet discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who

know that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied: but the time is always hastening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround him with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate, by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be embittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more ex-

cesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuseness?

It appears evident, that frugality is necessary even to compleat the pleasure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expence, there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation, and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly: having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them; they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny with incessant calls for their usual gratifications, and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance, or impotent desire.

NUMBER XVIII.

Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight.

RODOLPHO AND MATILDA.

WHEN o'er the Alpine heights chill Winter
spreads

His hoary mantle; when the thick'ning air
Descends in feather'd flakes; each prospect

now

How wild, how shapeless! Streams which
us'd to flow

With hasty currents, lazy creep, beneath

Th' incumbent snow. The tall fir's loaded
branch

Waves like the ostrich plume; the fleecy
show'r,

Whirl'd in its falling, forms unreal hills,
And faithless levels. Cautious be his steps
Who thro' these regions journeys while they
wear

Their cold and dreary aspect, left from above
The snowy piles o'erwhelm him; frequent now
From parts remote their fullen sound is heard,
Striking the startled ear: by eddy winds
Or agitating sounds, the loosen'd snow
First mov'd, augmenting slides, then nodding
e'er

The headlong steep, plunges in air, and rolls
With one vast length of ruin to the vale,—
Aghast beneath, if the pale traveller sees
The falling promontory—sees—and dies!—

'Midst its sad victims from the house of death
Let me recall one true, one wretched pair
It sunk untimely to the tomb. The tale
I've heard from shepherds, as they pointed out
The spot their story noted, and have dropt,
For hapless love a sympathising tear.

In a lone vale wash'd by th' impetuous Arve,
Beneath the shade its tallest mountain threw,
Matilda dwelt, the sole remaining hope
Of old Alberto, whose paternal farm,

Cover'd with flocks and herds spread wide
around.

Her's was each blushing charm which youth
may boast,

When nature grows profuse; her's too each
pow'r,

Attended with each studious wish to please.

Fair as the bloom of May, and mildly sweet

As the soft gales that with their vernal wings

Fan the first op'ning flow'rs.—Each neigh-
bouring fwain

Had sigh'd and languish'd; on the tender bark

Inscrib'd the fair one's-name, or to her ear

Whisper'd his love,—in vain!—None, none
were heard,

Save young Rodolpho, whose prevailing form

Had won her to his favour: on his brow

Sat native comeliness, and manly fire

O'er all diffus'd its lustre. Yet with her

His gen'rous mind most sway'd, where shone
each thought

That delicacy knows, far more refined

Than suits the happy!——Much he had
convers'd

With rev'rend age, and learn'd from thence to
prize

A rural life, learn'd to prefer the peace

Of his own woods, to the discordant din
Of populous cities.—What but fate could bar
Their wishes?—What indeed!—The
morn was fix'd
To seal their plighted faith, the bridegroom
rose
With all a bridegroom's transport, call'd his
friends
To join the jocund train, and hasten forth
To greet th' expecting maid; still as he went
Anticipating Fancy's magic hand,
The thousand raptures drew, which youthful
breasts
Feel at approaching blifs.—Alas! how quick
Treads woe on pleasure's footsteps:—Now
pursue
The fated youth, tho' words are sure too weak
To speak his horror, when nor well-known
farm,
Nor wonted flocks he saw, but in their place
A pond'rous mound of snow.—At early
dawn
From the near Alp the cumb'rous ruin fell,
And crush'd Alberto's roof.—To lend their
aid
Th' assembled villagers were met, and now
From out the mass had brought once more to
light

Th' ill-starr'd Matilda; lovely still!—For
still

A blush was on her cheek, and her clos'd eye
Shew'd but as sleep. Around her head she
wore

Her bridal ornaments, deck'd as she was
To wait the nuptial hour.—Ah! deck'd in
vain,

The grave thy marriage-bed!—On the sad
scene

Rodolpho gazes, stands awhile aghast,
The semblance of despair; his swelling breast,
Torn by conflicting passions, from his tongue
Utterance withholds. He rolls his haggard
eyes

On all around, as he would ask, if e'er
Griefs such as his were known; then o'er the
dead

A moment pausing, on her lips imprints
A thousand frantic kisses, her cold hand
With ardour seizes, and in broken sounds
Calls on Matilda's name.—With that last word
The struggling soul a passage finds, and down
He sinks in death, pale as the ambient snow.

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NUMBER XIX.

Yet while on earth triumphant Vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances the scales.

STORY OF ASEM.

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature ; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men ; had shared in their amusements ; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection ; but from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain ; the weary traveller never passed his door ; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved ; and made his application with confidence of redress : the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity ; for pity is but a short lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them ; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist ; wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew ; namely with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather ; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food ; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend; and, reclining on its steep bank, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. “How beautiful,” he often cried, “is nature! how lovely even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature, the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man, is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the divine Creator! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a per-

“fectly moral agent. Why, why then, O A-
“lia ! must I be thus confined in darkness,
“doubt, and despair !”

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety ; when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose ; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

“Son of Adam,” cried the Genius, “stop
“thy rash purpose ; the Father of the faithful
“has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy mi-
“series, and hath sent me to afford and ad-
“minister relief. Give me thine hand, and
“follow, without trembling, wherever I shall
“lead. In me behold the Genius of Convic-
“tion, kept by the great prophet, to turn
“from their errors those who go astray, not
“from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention.
“Follow me and be wise.”

Assem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water, till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink ; the waters

closed over their heads ; and they descended several hundred fathoms : when Afem, just ready to give up his life, as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

“ I plainly perceive your amazement,” said the Genius ; “ but suspend it for a while. This
“ world was formed by Alla, at the request,
“ and under the inspection of our Great
“ Prophet, who once entertained the same
“ doubts which filled your mind when I found
“ you, and from the consequence of which
“ you were so lately rescued. The rational
“ inhabitants of this world are formed agree-
“ ably to your own ideas ; they are absolutely
“ without vice. In other respects it resembles
“ your earth, but differs from it in being
“ wholly inhabited by men who never do
“ wrong. If you find this world more agree-
“ able than that you so lately left, you have
“ free permission to spend the remainder of
“ your days in it ; but permit me, for some
“ time, to attend you, that I may silence your

“doubts, and make you better acquainted
“with your company and your new habita-
“tion.”

“A world without vice! Rational beings
“without immorality!” cried Afem, in a
rapture. “I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at
“length heard my petitions; this, this in-
“deed, will produce happiness, extasy, and
“ease. O for an immortality to spend it a-
“mong men who are incapable of ingratitude
“injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand
“other crimes that render society miserable.”

“Cease thine acclamations,” replied the Ge-
nius. “Look around thee; reflect on every
“object and action before us, and communi-
“cate to me the result of thine observations.
“Lead wherever you think proper; I shall be
“your attendant and instructor.” Afem and
his companion travelled on in silence for some
time, the former being entirely lost in astonish-
ment; but, at last, recovering his former se-
renity, he could not help observing, that the
face of the country bore a near resemblance to
that he had left, except that this subterranean
world still seemed to retain its primeval wild-
ness.

“Here,” cried Afem, “I perceive animals
“of prey, and others that seem only designed

“ for their subsistence ; it is the very same in
“ the world over our heads. But had I been
“ permitted to instruct our prophet, I would
“ have removed this defect, and formed no
“ voracious or destructive animals, which
“ only prey on the other parts of the crea-
“ tion.” — “ Your tenderness for inferior
“ animals is, I find, remarkable,” said the
Genius, smiling. “ But, with regard to
“ meaner creatures, this world exactly re-
“ sembles the other ; and, indeed, for obvious
“ reasons. The earth can support a more
“ considerable number of animals, by their
“ thus becoming food for each other, than if
“ they had lived entirely on the vegetable
“ productions. So that animals of different
“ natures thus formed, instead of lessening
“ their multitude, subsist in the greatest num-
“ ber possible. But let us hasten on to the
“ inhabited country before us, and see what
“ that offers for instruction.”

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice ; and Assem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with

hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. Heavens!" cried Afem, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoke when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. "This," cried Afem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action."—"Every species of animals," replied the Genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers."—"But they should have been destroyed," cried Afem; "you see the consequence of such neglect."—"Where is then that tendernefs you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?" replied the Genius, smiling: "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice."—"I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Afem; "I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no

“ longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another.”

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprized to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor perceiving his surprize, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. “ At least then,” said Afem, “ they have neither architects, painters, or statuaries; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so much enamoured as wisdom.”—“ Wisdom!” replied his instructor; “ how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it: true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own

“ duty, and the duty of others to us ; but of
“ what use is such wisdom here ? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and
“ expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and
“ empty speculation, as such pleasures have
“ their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice,
“ we are too good to pursue them.”—“ All this may be right,” says Asen ; “ but methinks
“ I observe a solitary disposition prevail among
“ the people ; each family keeps separately
“ within their own precincts, without society
“ or without intercourse.”—“ That indeed is
“ true,” replied the other ; “ here is no established society ; nor should there be any :
“ all societies are made either through fear or
“ friendship ; the people we are among are too
“ good to fear each other ; and there are no
“ motives to private friendship, where all are
“ equally meritorious.”—“ Well then, said the
“ sceptic, “ as I am to spend my time here,
“ if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor
“ wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I
“ should be glad, at least, of an easy companion who may tell me his thoughts, and, to
“ whom I may communicate mine.”—“ And
“ to what purpose should either do this ?” says the Genius : “ flattery or curiosity are vicious

“ motives, and never allowed of here ; and
“ wisdom is out of the question.”

“ Still, however,” said Afem “ the inhabi-
“ tants must be happy ; each is contented with
“ his own possessions, nor avariciously endea-
“ vours to heap up more than is necessary for
“ his own subsistence : each has therefore lei-
“ sure to pity those that stand in need of his
“ compassion.” He had scarce spoken when
his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of
a wretch who sat by the way side, and, in the
most deplorable distress, seemed gently to mur-
mur at his own misery. Afem immediately
ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage
of a consumption. “ Strange,” cried the son
of Adam, “ that men who are free from vice
“ should thus suffer so much misery without
“ relief !”—“ Be not surprised,” said the wretch
who was dying ; “ would it not be the utmost
“ injustice for beings who have only just suf-
“ ficient to support themselves, and are con-
“ tent with a bare subsistence, to take it from
“ their own mouths to put it into mine ? They
“ never are possessed of a single meal more
“ than is necessary ; and what is barely neces-
“ sary cannot be dispensed with.”—“ They
“ should have been supplied with more than
“ is necessary,” cried Afem ; “ and yet I con-

“ tradict my own opinion but a moment before;
“ all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion.—
“ Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue
“ here, since they never received a favour.
“ They have, however, another excellence
“ yet behind; the love of their country is still,
“ I hope, one of their darling virtues.”—
“ Peace, Afem,” replied the guardian, with
a countenance not less severe than beautiful,
“ nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom:
“ the same selfish motives by which we pre-
“ fer our own interest to that of others, in-
“ duce us to regard our country preferably to
“ that of another. Nothing less than univer-
“ sal benevolence is free from vice; and that,
“ you see, is practised here.”—“ Strange!”
cries the disappointed pilgrim, in agony of dis-
tress; “ what sort of a world am I now intro-
“ duced to? there is scarce a single virtue,
“ but that of temperance, which they prac-
“ tise; and in that they are no way superior
“ to the very brute creation. There is scarce
“ an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude,
“ liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation,
“ and love of country, all are virtues entirely
“ unknown here: thus it seems, that to be
“ unacquainted with vice is not to know vir-
“ tue. Take me, O my Genius, back to that

“ very world which I have despised: A world
“ which has Alla for its contriver, is much
“ more wisely formed than that which has
“ been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude,
“ contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for
“ perhaps I have deserved them. When I
“ arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only
“ shewed my own ignorance; henceforth let
“ me keep from vice myself, and pity it in
“ others”

He had scarce ended, when the Genius, assuming an air of terrible compacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Assem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the waterside in tranquility; and leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years

soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain: and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

NUMBER XX.

One certain hour of death to each decreed.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lee,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary
 way,
 And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
 sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,

The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
shade,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,

No more shall rouse them from their lowly
bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care;

No children run to lisp their fire's return,

Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has
broke:

How jocund did they drive their team afield!

How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,

Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise.
Can story'd urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of
Death?
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the reins of empire might have
sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er
unrol;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Some village Hampden that with dauntless
breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwel guiltless of his country's
blood.
Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbad. Nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues; but their crimes
confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapless sculpture
deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies :

Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Awake, and faithful to her wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd
dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,

Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate ;
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,

“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide wou'd he
stretch,

And pore upon the brook that bubbles by,
Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless
love.

One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
The next with dirges due in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him
borne.

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the
lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged
thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear ;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)
a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they, alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his father and his God.

NUMBER XXI.

Where now ye-lying vanities of life!

Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!

Where are you now? and what is your amount?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

THE VISION OF THEODORE,

The Hermit of Teneriff.

SON of Perseverance, whoever thou art, whose curiosity has led thee hither, read, and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore the Hermit of Teneriff, who, in the fifty-seventh year of his retreat, left this instruction to mankind, lest his solitary hours should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the earth, and a gazer at the sky; I trafficked and heaped wealth together; I loved and was favoured; I wore the robe of honour, and heard the music of adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to greatness; I was unhappy, and retired. I sought for some time what I at length found here, a place where all real wants might be easily supplied, and where I

might not be under the necessity of purchasing the assistance of men by the toleration of their follies. Here I saw fruits, and herbs, and water, and here determined to wait the hand of death, which I hope, when at last it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight years had I now passed in forgetfulness of all mortal cares, and without any inclination to wander further than the necessity of procuring sustenance required : but, as I stood one day beholding the rock that overhangs my cell, I found in myself a desire to climb it ; and, when I was on its top, was in the same manner determined to scale the next ; till, by degrees, I conceived a wish to view the summit of the mountain, at the foot of which I had so long resided. This motion of my thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new ; and all change, not evidently for the better, alarms a mind taught by experience to distrust itself ; I was often afraid that my heart was deceiving me, that my impatience of confinement rose from some earthly passion, and that my ardour to survey the works of nature was only a hidden longing to mingle once again in the scenes of life. I therefore endeavoured to settle my thoughts into their former state, but

found their distraction every day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the want of happiness within my reach; and at last began to question whether it was not laziness rather than caution, that restrained me from climbing to the summit of Teneriffe.

I rose therefore before the day, and began my journey up the steep of the mountain; but I had not advanced far, old as I was and burdened with provisions, when the day began to shine upon me; the declivities grew more precipitous and the sand slid from beneath my feet; at last, fainting with labour, I arrived at a small plain, almost inclosed by rocks, and open only to the east. I sat down to rest awhile, in full persuasion that when I had recovered my strength, I should proceed on my design; but when once I had tasted ease, I found many reasons against disturbing it. The branches spread a shade over my head, and the gales of spring wafted odours to my bosom.

As I sat thus forming alternately excuses for delay, and resolutions to go forward, an irresistible heaviness suddenly surpris'd me; I laid my head upon the bank, and resigned myself to sleep; when methought I heard the sound as of the flight of eagles, and a being of more than human dignity stood before me. While

I was deliberating how to address him, he took me by the hand with an air of kindness, and asked me solemnly, but without severity—"Theodore, whither art thou going?"—"I am climbing," answered I, "to the top of the mountain, to enjoy a more extensive prospect of the works of nature."—"Attend first," said he, "to the prospect which this place affords; and what thou dost not understand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent beings who watch over the children of the dust, to preserve them from those evils which will not ultimately terminate in good, and which they do not, by their own faults bring upon themselves. Look round therefore without fear: observe, contemplate and be instructed."

Encouraged by this assurance, I looked and beheld a mountain higher than Teneriffe, to the summit of which the human eye could never reach; when I had tired myself with gazing upon its height, I turned my eyes towards its foot, which I could easily discover, but was amazed to find it without foundation, and placed inconceivably in emptiness and darkness. Thus I stood terrified and confused; above were tracts inscrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice

of admonition, cried out—"Theodore, be not
"affrighted, but raise thy eyes again; the
"Mountain of Existence is before thee, survey
"it, and be wise."

I then looked with more deliberate attention, and observed the bottom of the mountain to be of gentle rise and overspread with flowers; the middle to be more steep, embarrassed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits, and among which were scattered palaces and bowers. The tracts which my eye could reach nearest the top were generally barren; but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy evergreens which though they did not give much pleasure to the sight or smell, yet seemed to cheer the labour and facilitate the steps of those who were clambering among them.

Then beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I observed at a great distance a multitude of both sexes issuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their first actions I could not accurately discern; but as they every moment approached nearer, I found that they amused themselves with gathering flowers, under the superintendence of a modest virgin in a white robe, who seemed not over-solicitous to confine them to any

settled pace, or certain tract; for she knew that the whole ground was smooth and solid, and that they could not easily be hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a thistle for a flower, Innocence so was she called, would smile at the mistake.—“Happy,” said I, “are they who are under so gentle a government, and yet are safe!” But I had no opportunity to dwell long on the consideration of their felicity; for I found that Innocence continued her attendance but a little way, and seemed to consider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Those whom she abandoned scarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themselves in the hands of Education, a nymph more severe in her aspect and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion too narrow and too rough.—These they were continually solicited to leave by Appetite, whom Education could never fright away, though she sometimes awed her to such timidity, that the effects of her presence were scarcely perceptible. Some went back to the first part of the mountain, and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by Innocence; and such as Education could not

force back, proceeded up the mountain by some miry road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As Education led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them caution to beware of Habits; and was calling out to one or another at every step, that a Habit was ensnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of Habit before they perceived their danger; and that those whom a Habit should once subdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the reason, when my protector directed my regard to a troop of Pygmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the mountain, and each to smoothe the way before her follower. I found that I had missed the notice of them before, both because they were so minute as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were surrounded. As the followers of Education did not appear to be sensible of the presence of these dangerous associates, or, ridiculing their diminutive size, did not think it possible that human beings should ever be brought into

subjection by such feeble enemies, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder ; and, when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I myself think her caution so necessary, as her frequent inculcation seemed to suppose, till I observed, that each of these pretty beings held secretly a chain in her hand, with which she prepared to bind those whom she found within her power. Yet these Habits under the eye of Education went quietly forward, and seemed very little to increase in bulk or strength ; for though they were always willing to join with Appetite, yet when Education kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey command, and make the narrow roads in which they were confined easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their stature was never at a stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same proportions ; nor could I forbear to express my admiration, when I saw in how much less time they generally gained than lost bulk. Though they grew slowly on the road of Education, it might however be perceived that they grew ; but if they once deviated at the call of Appetite, their stature soon became gigantic, and their strength was such, that Education pointed out

to her tribe many that were led in chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their slavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect; for all her pupils appeared confident of their own superiority of the strongest Habit, and some seemed in secret to regret that they were hindered from following the triumph of Appetite.

It was the peculiar artifice of Habit, not to suffer her power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the address of, appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companies, which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not easily perceived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn, and when by continual additions they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When Education had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to grow craggy, she resigned her charge to two powers of superior aspect. The manner of them appeared capable of presiding in senates or governing nations, and yet watching the steps of the other with the most anxious attention, and was visibly confounded

and perplexed if ever she suffered, her reward to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her submission as pleasing, but with such a condescension as plainly shewed that she claimed it as due; and indeed so great was her dignity and sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her.

“Theodore,” said my protector, “be fearless, and be wise; approach these powers, whose dominion extends to all the remaining part of the Mountain of Existence.” I trembled, and ventured to address the inferior nymph, whose eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain. “Bright Power,” said I, “by whatever name it is lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who presidest here, on what condition thy protection will be granted?”—“It will be granted,” said she, “only to obedience. I am Reason, of all subordinate beings, the noblest and the greatest; who, if thou wilt receive my laws, will reward thee like the rest of my votaries, by conducting thee to Religion.” Charmed by her voice and aspect, I professed my readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her mistress, who looked upon me with tenderness. I bowed before her, and she smiled.

When Education delivered up those for whose happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some gratitude for her care, or some regret at the loss of that protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching those who felt in themselves no want of instruction. They all agreed in rejoicing that they would no longer be subject to her caprices, or disturbed by her documents, but should be now under the direction only of Reason, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady adherence to all her precepts. Reason counselled them, at their first entrance upon her province, to inlist themselves among the votaries of Religion; and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against Appetites and Passions, and who having been seized by Habits in the regions of Desire, had been dragged away to the caverns of Despair. Her admonition was vain, the greater number declared against any other direction, and doubted not but by her superin-

tendency, they should climb with safety up the Mountain of Existence. "My power," said Reason, "is to advise, not to compel; I have already told you the danger of your choice. The path seems now plain and even, but there are asperities and pitfalls, over which Religion only can conduct you. Look upwards, and you will perceive a mist before you, settled upon the highest visible part of the mountain, a mist by which my prospect is terminated, and which is pierced only by the eyes of Religion. Beyond it are the temples of Happiness, in which those who climb the precipice by her direction, after the toil of their pilgrimage, repose for ever. I know not the way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better guide. Pride has sometimes reproached me with the narrowness of my view, but when she endeavoured to extend it, could only shew me, below the mist, the bowers of Content; even they vanished as I fixed my eyes upon them; and those whom she persuaded to travel towards them were enchanted by Habits, and engulfed by Despair, a cruel tyrant, whose caverns are beyond the darkness on the right side and on the left;

“ from whose prisons none can escape, and
“ whom I cannot teach you to avoid.”

Such was the declaration of Reason to those who demanded her protection. Some that recollected the dictates of Education, finding them now seconded by another authority, submitted with reluctance to the strict decree, and engaged themselves among the followers of Religion, who were distinguished by the uniformity of their march, though many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the prospects which at every step courted their attention.

All those who determined to follow either Reason, or Religion, were continually importuned to forsake the road, sometimes by Passions, and sometimes by Appetites, of whom both had reason to boast the success of their artifices; for so many were drawn into by-paths, that any way was more populous than the right. The attacks of the Appetites were more impetuous, those of the Passions longer continued. The Appetites turned their followers directly from the true way, but the Passions marched at first in a path nearly in the same direction with that of Reason and Religion; but devi-

ated by slow degrees, till at last they intirely changed their course. Appetite drew aside the dull, and Passion the sprightly. Of the Appetites, Lust was the strongest; and of the Passions, Vanity. The most powerful assault was to be feared, when a Passion and an Appetite joined their enticements; and the path of Reason was best followed, when a Passion called to one side, and an Appetite to the other.

The seducers had the greatest success upon the followers of Reason, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same triumphs over the votaries of Religion; for though they were often led aside for a time, Religion commonly recalled them by her emissary Conscience, before Habit had time to enchant them. But they that professed to obey Reason, if once they forsook her, seldom returned; for she had no messenger to summon them but Pride, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her skill to support Passion; and if ever she did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if Habit had interposed.

I soon found that the great danger to the followers of Religion was only from Habit;

every other power was easily resisted, nor did they find any difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of Conscience, unless they had given time to Habit to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of some of those, the condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every call of Conscience, and tried, but without effect, to burst the chains of Habit, saw Religion walking forward at a distance, saw her with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, withheld by Habit, and languished in sordid bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the Habits were so far from growing weaker by these repeated contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every struggle enlarged their bulk and increased their strength; and a Habit opposed and victorious was more than twice as strong as before the contest. The manner in which those who were weary of their tyranny endeavoured to escape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to loose their chains one by one, and to retreat by the same degrees as they advanced; but

before the deliverance was completed, Habit always threw new chains upon her fugitive: nor did any escape her but those, who, by an effort sudden and violent, burst their shackles at once, and left her at a distance; and even of these, many rushing too precipitately forward, and hindering by their terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that power from whom an escape must be so dearly bought, and whose tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some, however, there always were, who, when they found Habit prevailing over them, called upon Reason or Religion for assistance; each of them willingly came to the succour of her suppliant; but neither with the same strength, nor the same success. Habit, insolent with her power, would often presume to parley with Reason, and offer to loose some of her chains if the rest might remain. To this, Reason, who was never certain of victory, frequently consented, but always found her concession destructive, and saw the captive led away by Habit to his former slavery. Religion never submitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conquest; and if the captive to whom she gave it did not quite his

hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the temple of Happiness, where Reason never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power, to whose timely succour he was indebted for it.

When the traveller was again placed in the road of Happiness, I saw Habit again gliding before him, but reduced to the stature of a dwarf, without strength and without activity; but when the Passions or Appetites, which had before seduced him, made their approach, Habit would on a sudden start into size, and with unexpected violence push him towards them. The wretch, thus impelled on one side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of Happiness, to which, after this second deviation from it, he rarely returned. But if, by a timely call upon religion, the force of Habit was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at last her correspondence with the enemy was entirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless faculties, in compliance with the power which she could not overcome; and as she grew again in stature and in strength, cleared away the asperities of the road to Happiness.

From this road I could not easily withdraw my attention, because all who travelled it appeared chearful and satisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the stronger their conviction of the wisdom of their guide. Some who had never deviated but by short excursions, had Habit in the middle of their passage vigorously supporting them, and driving off their Appetites and Passions which attempted to interrupt their progress. Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on, without her help at least, and commonly against her endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without some support from Habit; and that they, whose habits were strong, advanced towards the mists with little emotion, and entered them at last with calmness and confidence; after which they were seen only by the eye of Religion; and though Reason looked after them with the most earnest curiosity, she could only obtain a faint glimpse, when her mistress, to enlarge her prospect, raised her from the ground. Reason, however, discerned that they were safe, but Religion saw that they were happy.

“Now, Theodore,” said my protector, “with-
“ draw thy view from the regions of obscurity,
“ and see the fate of those who, when they
“ were dismissed by Education, would admit
“ no direction but that of Reason. Survey
“ their wanderings and be wise.”

I looked then upon the road of Reason, which was indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of religion, nor had reason discovered it but by her instruction. Yet when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right; and Pride had sometimes incited her to declare that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a guide to Religion, whom, after many vain experiments, she found it her highest privilege to follow. Reason was however at last well instructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with some success, when her precepts were not misrepresented by Passion, or her influence overborne by Appetite. But neither of these enemies was she able to resist. When passion seized upon her votaries, she seldom attempted Opposition; she seemed indeed to contend with more vigour against Appetite, but was generally over-wearied in the contest; and, if any of her opponents had confederated with Habit, her authority was wholly at an end. When Habit

endeavour'd to captivate the votaries of Religion, she grew by slow degrees, and gave time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy followers of Reason, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her size, and doubled her chains, without intermission, and without reserve.

Of those who forsook the directions of Reason, some were led aside by the whispers of Ambition, who was perpetually pointing to stately palaces, situated on eminences on either side, recounting the delights of affluence, and boasting the security of power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and Habit quickly threw her chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. Ambition led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell, and were seen no more. Those that escaped were after a long series of hazards, generally delivered over to Avarice, and enlisted by her in the service of Tyranny, where they continued to heap up gold till their patrons or their heirs pushed them headlong at last into the caverns of Despair.

Others were enticed by Intemperance to ramble in search of those fruits that hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance.

I observed, that the Habits which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to Reason, or sooner sunk into the gulphs that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, Reason looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment; neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats; and Habit had so absolute a power, that even Conscience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whose crime it was rather to neglect reason than to disobey her; and who retreated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of Intemperance, but to the maze of Indolence. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in the sight of the road of Reason, always wishing for her presence, and always resolved to return to-morrow. In these was most eminently conspicuous the subtlety of Habit, who hung imperceptible shackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that

they had the power of reaching. They wandered on from one double of the labyrinth to another with the chains of Habit hanging secretly upon them, till, as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the scents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary march without pleasure in their progress, yet without power to return; and had this aggravation above all others, that they were criminal but not delighted. The drunkard for a time laughed over his wine; the ambitious man triumphed in the miscarriage of his rival; but the captives of Indolence had neither superiority nor merriment. Discontent lowered in their looks, and Sadness hovered round their shades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the depth of the recess, varied only with poppies and night-shade, where the dominion of indolence terminates, and the hopeless wanderer is delivered up to Melancholy; the chains of Habit are riveted for ever; and Melancholy having tortured her prisoner for a time, consigns him at last to the cruelty of Despair.

While I was musing on this miserable scene, my protector called out to me—"Remember, Theodore, and be wise, and let not Habit prevail against thee." I started

and beheld myself surrounded by the rocks of Teneriffe; the birds of light were singing in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

NUMBER XXII.

To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend;
She who with modesty retires,
Adds fuel to her lover's fires.

MARRIAGE. A Vision.

Fairest, this Vision is thy due;
I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age;
Your welfare actuates ev'ry page;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble while you read my dream.
Those awful words, "Till death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought, when once a wife,
The die is cast, and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way.

Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens ;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears ;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her fire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold ;
Careless with what or whom they mate ;
Their ruling passion's all for state.
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind :
Such rebels groan beneath his rod ;
For Hymen's a vindictive god :
" Be joyless ev'ry night," he said ;
" And barren be their nuptial bed !"

Attend my fair, to wisdom's voice ;
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A marry'd life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery confess'd ;
Yet, if my fair one will be wife,
I will insure my girl a prize,
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth !

'Tis an important point, to know
There's no perfection here below.

Man's an odd compound, after all ;
And ever has been since the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul ;
And, tho' a slave in love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him ;
If few those faults, you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper and of sense :
For when the sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social power
To form the calm, converseive hour,
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore ;
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to shine ;
Shew thee, as really thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossom's fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid !
When in thy cheek the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye ;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid ;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his transient passion cool ?

And, when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
E'en then thou lovely shalt appear;
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And, weeping, claim the larger part:
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
"Bless'd state! where souls each other draw;
"Where love is liberty and law!"
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or Heav'n bestow!
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor faith the varnish of my style;
Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah, me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!

When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lye;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
But who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure or applause;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.

Amidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple rose to fight :
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace :
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age ;
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignify'd his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite, Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance.

I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For, oh ! what thousands were undone !
The sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,
In pity flew to join their side :
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him to a man ;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth.
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain ;

At ev'ry house and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong :
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And ev'ry wayward child of spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train.
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour and in place :
Then came the God with solemn gait,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate ;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore.
Virtue adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm ;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen :
Youth led the gaily smiling fair ;
His purple pinions wav'd in air ;
Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw and eagle-eye,
Who threescore years had seen, or more
('Tis said his coat had seen a score) ;
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd ;
Poets alone can paint the maid :
Trust me, Hogarth (tho' great thy fame)
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same ;

And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before.
Now she was fair as cygnet's down,
Now, as Mat Prior's Emma, brown;
And changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress she vary'd ev'ry hour.
'Twas fancy, child—you know the fair—
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.

Lo! the God mounts his throne of state,
And sits the arbiter of fate:
His head with radiant glories dress'd,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast,
Love took his station on the right;
His quiver beam'd with golden light:
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy;
Said it was hers to point his dart,
And speed its passage to the heart;
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
I saw a blooming trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side;
Averse she turn'd her weeping face;
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart ;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart.

A passion much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame :
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners ;
The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd ;
By ev'ry vice his altar stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites prophan'd :
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd ;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side ;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's sworn attendant.

Love said that wedlock was design'd
By gracious heav'n to match the mind ;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust .
That wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart.
But what avails the faithless voice ?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.

Wealth straight reply'd, that love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind ;

That killing eyes and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at, even in romances.
Poets indeed style love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat;
And love might be delicious fair,
Could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on love
(Those purer essences above)
Yet Albion's son, he understood,
Prefer'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hem'd applause.
With seeming conquest, pert and proud,
Wealth shook his fides, and chuck'd loud;
When fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favour love beside,
Op'ning the miser's tap-ty'd vest,
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast:
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight;
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, tho' grave his temper, smil'd;
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.

Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind :
For Poverty that famish'd fiend !
Ambitious of a wealthy friend !
Advanc'd into the miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the face ;
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay :
I thought the chit would swoon away.
The god was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy ;
And therefore issu'd his decree,
That the two parties straight agree :
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.

If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms ten thousand more :
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain, affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round, unthinking face ;
And thus the trifler states her case.

She said that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tally'd with her own ;
That wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And rob'd her of a thousand hearts ;

Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For Falsehood perjury and stealth :
All which she could on oath depose ;
And hop'd the court would flit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an enterloping dame ;
Look'd through the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we straight apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye ;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

NUMBER XXIII.

Proud of the present, to the future blind.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

As it has been observed that few are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves; so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorised to offer mine; and must take leave to throw together a few observations upon that part of a young man's conduct, on his entering into life, as it is called.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse: people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life, but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in

youth, and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the illusion still improves, by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment: for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a taylor, once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the taylor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people ever take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but, thank heaven, things are not so bad with me: for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land; the taylor made a shift to live, because his custom-

ers could not be without clothes ; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away : it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins ; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very taylor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstruction more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich ; and then shew away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting ; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is confirmed only in empty menaces ?

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pondside ; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs and chickens ; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, hap-

pened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a fly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool; sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight at least should be civil." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole

world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and, in general, applauded; but each, willing to shew his talent in criticism, stigmatized whatever he thought proper. At evening when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desiring that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt to please one half of it."

NUMBER XXIV.

Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
As none but favour'd mortals know.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits his drink the chrystal well;
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his
days,

Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose,
That vice should triumph virtue vice obey;
This sprung fomed out of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives, impress,
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending
grow,

And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow:

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by
fight,
To find, if books, or swains, report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly
dew);

He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and loansome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the
day,

A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft, in graceful ringlets, wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my son, the reverend sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose;
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they
pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of
grafs.

It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house, the wand'ring stranger's
home;
Yet still the kindness from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous gate
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
'Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they
drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;

Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful from the porch they
go,

And, but the landlord none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with
fear:

So seem'd the fire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.

Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;

Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and gripping caus'd a desert there.
As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
'The nimble light'ning, mix'd with show'rs,
began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here 'long they knock, but knock or call in
vain,
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning, bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pond'ring Hermit
view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,

When from his vest the young companion
bore

That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul?

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom
wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here;
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the
sky,

Again the wand'ers want a place to ly,
Again they search and find a lodging nigh. }
The soil improv'd around, the mansion's neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bliss the mansion and the master greet:

Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest
guise,

The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

“ Without a vain without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.”
He spoke, and bade the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall
repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with
pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm
repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappl'd morn arose :
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck ; the landlord's little pride
O strange return ! grew black and gasp'd, and
dy'd.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was
done ?

Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in funder part,
And breath blue fire, could more assault his
heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flees, but, trembling, fails to flee with
speed.

His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
'The youth who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him
in;

Plunging he falls and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead:

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer
man;

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet:
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his
feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpl'd air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form etherial bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud, at first, the pilgrim's passion, grew,
Sudden he gaz'd and wish'd not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice
unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
For this commission'd I forsook the sky :

Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine.
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made ;
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends ;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high ;
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more
surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring
eyes ?

Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle learn to trust.

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly
food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of
wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of
cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted
door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the
bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from
God :

(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.

To what excesses had his dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son !
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back ?
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal;
And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: This trial
o'er,

Depart in peace, resign and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
"Lord, as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

NUMBER XXV.

And tho' he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the present held an equal mind.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

PROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened, in an evil hour, to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with

the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom, she said, it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lot, each previously engaging in a solemn oath, to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn, and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix, the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition, and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers unto his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples

and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the valies, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by œconomy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandise failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him, and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her forceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till, by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed

as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had totally deserted him, and that he died, in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps : and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate ; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes ; and, to complete all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore, the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads, and forests over-grown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time ; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him

the most faithful council, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul; made him modest and humble; taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

"I am sent," said she, "by the gods, to those alone whom they love: for I not only train them up, by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive, with a greater relish, all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web; so the mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every human age. Prosperity, my smiling but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by

“ her, to the blissful habitations of Tranquility and Content.”

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly in her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, “ That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the gods, who want nothing.” She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendour; and in his addresses to the gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblamable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner:

“ As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire; so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an ac-

“ count of my charge. Your brother, whose
“ lot was Prosperity, and whose condition
“ you so much envied, after having experienced
“ the error of his choice, is at last released by
“ death from the most wretched of lives.
“ Happy has it been for Uranio that his lot
“ was Adversity, whom if he remembers as he
“ ought, his life will be honourable and his
“ death happy.”

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment instead of aspiring to their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet, as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return: but though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her councils in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandise; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry; in quelling all disor-

derly passions, and informing his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell, or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written, in large characters, the following inscription,

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,

Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell:

Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,

What palace can display so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

NUMBER XXVI.

Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
The friendships of the good and wise.

THE CHOICE.

IF Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blisful ease and fatisfaction spend.

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform; not little, nor too great:
Better if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side, fields; on that, a neighb'ring
wood.

It should within, no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needles pomp of gaudy furniture.

A little garden grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores, should grow,

At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd;
Horace and Virgil in whose mighty lines,
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal and am'rous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming
lines,

In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence:
In some of these as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those, in pleasing useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of
mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could
spare:

For that our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal plenty should my table spread ;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes fed :
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger and the neighb'ring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take ; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault ; but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse :
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws of the lees, the sedement of care,
But as the greatest blessing heav'n lends
May be debauch'd and serve ignoble ends ;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice,
Does many mischievous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders
know

As from high drinking consequently flow ;
Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n,
To the dishonour of indulgent heav'n.

If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be
In my retreat, or to himself or me. }

What freedom, prudence, and right reason
give,

All men may, with impunity, receive :
But the least swerving from their rules too
much :

For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere and great ;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would
be

A great advance to my felicity :
Well born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men, as well as books, have
known :

Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality :
Airy and prudent : merry, but not light :
Quick in discerning, and in judging, right :
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust ;
In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just :
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave ;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave :
Close in dispute, but not tenacious ; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide ;

Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor busy middlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to
spite;

Not quarrellsome, but stout enough to fight:
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true,
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too;
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous heav'n once more indulge,
I'd choose,

(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
As witty nymphs in conversation, give?)
Near some obliging modest fair to live:
For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a secret, but a pow'rful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does im-
part

Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passion sway:
Easy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base;

Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too
much:

That shews a want of judgment, and of sense;
More than enough is but impertinence;
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind;
Averse to vanity, revenge and pride;
In all the methods of deceit, untry'd;
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compel'd to say,
She goes the least of woman-kind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
Her conversation would new joys inspire;
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare. }

But so divine, so noble a repast
I'd seldom, and with moderation taste:
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold an use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.

Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are ;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate :
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain ?

If heav'n a date of many years would live,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty give.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whil'st I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd ;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave.
Then would my exit so propitious be ;
All men would wish to live and die like me.

NUMBER XXVII.

The dance gives joy, when cares invade,
And music cheers the midnight shade.

REGULATIONS FOR ASSEMBLIES IN RUSSIA.

WHEN Catherina Alexowna was made Empress of Russia the women were in an actual state of bondage; but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe; she altered the women's dress by substituting the fashions of England; instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask; and cornets and commodes instead of caps of fable. The women now found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company, visited each other, and were present at every entertainment.

But, as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough, the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them; the Czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for

the found it impossible to render them polite. An ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding, which as it is a curiosity, and has never before been printed that we know of, we shall give our readers.

“ I. The person at whose house the assembly is to be kept shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

“ II. The assembly shall not be open sooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

“ III. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep them company: but, though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, liquors, and all other necessities that company may ask for; he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

“ IV. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away: it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

“ V. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game as he pleases, nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he

does upon pain of emptying the *great eagle* (a pint bowl full of brandy): it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

“ VI. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, head workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery are to have liberty to enter the assemblies; as likewise their wives and children.

“ VII. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

“ VIII. No ladies are to get drunk upon any pretence whatsoever; nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.

“ IX. Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, &c. shall not be riotous: no gentleman shall attempt to force a kiss, and no person shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion.”

Such are the statutes upon this occasion, which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire. But politeness must enter every country by degrees; and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown, awkward but sincere.

NUMBER XXVIII.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart.

THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A CULTIVATED
IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of heav'n, whom not the languid
songs

Of luxury, the Siren ! not the bribes
Of fordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the
store

Of Nature fair imagination culls,
To charm th' enliven'd soul ! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life ; tho' only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state ;
Endows, at large, whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns

The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her
wings;

And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence par-
takes

Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself the elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assume the port
Of that eternal majesty, that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalt her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the
forms

Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would fordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the Eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being: to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God
himself

Hold converse: grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions: act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

NUMBER XXIX.

No more in paths of error stray.

ON PROFLIGACY IN YOUTH.

THERE are those who consider early profligacy as a mark of that spirit, which seldom fails to produce, in the subsequent periods of life, a wise and a virtuous character. The example of Henry the fifth is often cited in confirmation of their opinion. Shakespeare has indeed represented his errors and reformation in so amiable a light, that many are not displeased when they see a young man beginning his career in riot and debauchery. While there is an appearance of spirit, they regard not the vice.

The example of Henry the fifth has been applied particularly to heirs apparent of the crown. If the future king is found to be early initiated in the excesses of sensuality, it is a favourable presage, and we are referred to the example of Falstaff's Hal. If he devote his time to drinking, and be actually involved in

continual intoxication, it is all the better, for do we not recollect Hal's exploits at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap? Dame Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, are illustrious instances to prove what company a prince should keep in order to become hereafter a great king. It is in the haunts of intemperance and vice, and in the company of sycophants and knaves, that he is, according to the vulgar phrase, to sow his wild oats, to spend the exuberance of his spirit, to subdue the ebullition of his blood, and to acquire a valuable species of moral experience.

It is true, indeed, that Henry the fifth is a remarkable instance of early profligacy and subsequent reformation. He is a remarkable, because he is a rare instance. For one who succeeds as he did, a thousand become either incurable debauchees, drunkards and rogues, ruin their character and fortunes, or die under the operation of so rough an experiment. We hear not of those who are obliged to go to the East Indies, to hide themselves on the Continent, to skulk in the garrets of blind alleys, to spend their days in gaols, or are early carried to the church-yard, amidst the thanks and rejoicings of their friends for so happy a deliverance from shame and ruin. But if one wild youth becomes but a tolerably good man, we

are struck with the metamorphosis, as we are with every thing uncommon. We exaggerate his goodness, by comparing it with his previous depravity. We cite the example, as a consolatory topic, wherever we behold a young man, as the Scripture beautifully expresses it, walking in the ways of his own heart, and in the sight of his own eyes. We talk as if we almost congratulated a parent, when his son has spirit enough to violate, not only the rules of decency, but also the most sacred laws of morality and religion.

Such fatal ideas have broken the heart of many a virtuous and feeling father. They have brought his hairs, before they were grey, to the grave. I have been much pleased with a passage in the sermons of the late worthy Dr. Ogden, in which he recommends regularity and virtue to young men solely for the sake of their parents. "Stop, young man," says he, "stop a little to look towards thy poor parents. "Think it not too much to bestow a moment's reflection on those who never forgot thee. "Recollect what they have done for thee.— "Remember all—all indeed thou canst not; "alas! ill had been thy lot, had not their care "begun, before thou couldst remember or "know any thing.

“ Now so proud, self-willed, inexorable,
“ then couldst thou only ask by wailing, and
“ move them with thy tears. And they were
“ moved. Their hearts were touched with
“ thy distress; they relieved and watched thy
“ wants before thou knewest thine own necessities,
“ or their kindness. They clothed thee;
“ thou knewest not that thou wast naked:
“ thou askedst not for bread; but they fed thee.
“ And ever since—for the particulars are too
“ many to be recounted, and too many surely
“ to be all utterly forgotten, it has been the
“ very principal endeavour, employment, and
“ study of their lives to do service unto thee.
“ If by all these endeavours they can obtain
“ their child’s comfort, they arrive at the full
“ accomplishment of their wishes. They have
“ no higher object of their ambition. Be thou
“ but happy, and they are so.

“ And now tell me, is not something to be
“ done, I do not now say for thyself, but for
“ them? if it be too much to desire of thee
“ to be good, and wise, and virtuous, and
“ happy for thy own sake; yet be happy for
“ theirs. Think that a sober, upright, and
“ let me add, religious life, besides the blessings
“ it will bring upon thy own head, will
“ be a fountain of unfeigned comfort to thy

“ declining parents, and make the heart of
“ the aged sing for joy.

“ What shall we say? which of these is
“ happier? the son that maketh a glad fa-
“ ther? or the father blessed with such a son?

“ Fortunate young man! who hast an heart
“ open so early to virtuous delights, and canst
“ find thy own happiness in returning thy fa-
“ ther's blessing upon his own head!

“ And happy father! whose years have
“ been prolonged, not, as it often happens, to
“ see his comforts fall from him one after a-
“ nother, and to become at once old and def-
“ titute; but to taste a new pleasure, not to
“ be found among the pleasures of youth, re-
“ served for his age; to reap the harvest of all
“ his cares and labours, in the duty, affection,
“ and felicity of his dear child. His very look
“ bespeaks the inward satisfaction of his heart.
“ The infirmities of his age sit light on him.
“ He feels not the troubles of life: he smiles
“ at the approach of death; sees himself still
“ living and honoured in the memory and
“ the person of his son, his other dearer self;
“ and passes down to the receptacle of all the
“ living, in the fullness of content and joy.

“ How unlike to this is the condition of him
“ who has the affliction to be the father of a

“ wicked offspring ! Poor, unhappy man ! no
“ sorrow is like unto thy sorrow. Diseases and
“ death are blessings, if compared with the
“ anguish of thy heart, when thou seest thy
“ dear children run heedlessly and headlong in
“ the ways of sin, forgetful of their parents
“ counsel, and their own happiness. Unfor-
“ tunate old man ! How often does he wish
“ he had never been born, or had been cut off
“ before he was a father ? No reflection is
“ able to afford him consolation. He grows
“ old betimes ; and the afflictions of age are
“ doubled on his head. In vain are instru-
“ ments of pleasure brought forth. His soul
“ refuses comfort. Every blessing of life is
“ lost upon him. No success is able to give
“ him joy. His triumphs are like that of Da-
“ vid ; while his friends, captains, soldiers, were
“ rending the air with shouts of victory—he
“ poor conqueror, went up, as it is written
“ to the chamber over the gate and wept : and
“ as he went thus he said ; O, my son Absa-
“ lom ! my son, my son Absalom ! would to
“ God I had died for thee ! O Absalom, my
“ son, my son !”

I have introduced this passage, with a hope
that gay and thoughtless young men may be
properly affected by it ; and though they should

have no regard for themselves, that they should be led to have pity on their poor parents, and to chuse the right way, that they may not cause affliction to him who often has dandled them in his arms, nor to her at whose breast they hung in the sweet and innocent period of their infancy. It is indeed a melancholy consideration that children who have been the delight of their parents during the earlier ages, no sooner arrive at maturity, than they often prove a scourge and a curse. They hurry those out of the world, who brought them into it. They imbitter the old age of those who devoted the health and strength of manhood to their welfare and support. Sad return! to plant the pillow of reclining age with thorns! —O have pity, have pity on your father—behold him with tottering step approaching you! With suppliant hands, and tears in his eyes, he begs you—to do what? to be good and happy. O spare him, wipe away his tears: make him happy, be so yourself,—so when it shall be your turn to be a father, may you never feel the pangs you have already inflicted!

There are parents, indeed, who seem to have little concern but for the pecuniary interest or worldly advancement of their children. While their children excel in dress, address, simula-

tion, and dissimulation, they are allowed to be as debauched and immoral as they please.— While they possess a poor, mean, and contemptible kind of wisdom, commonly called the knowledge of the world, their parents are perfectly easy; though they should be notoriously guilty of every base artifice and plunged in the grossest and most unlawful species of sensuality. That poor man, Lord Chesterfield, was one of those parents who are ready to sacrifice their children's honour, conscience, and salvation, for the sake of gaining a little of the little honours and riches of a world, where not even the highest honours of the most abundant riches are comparable to the possession of an honest heart. That wretched Lord seems to have entertained very little natural affection for his spurious offspring. His paternal attention was all avarice and ambition. He would probably have been delighted if his son had been at an early age a debauchee. He would have thought the spirit which vice displayed, a sure prognostic of future eminence. Providence defeated his purpose, and permitted his letters to be exhibited as a loathsome monument of wickedness, vanity, and worldly wisdom. Such wisdom is indeed usually folly,

even where its effects and consequences are confined to the present period of existence.

Every father then, and every mother who deserve that tender and venerable appellation will strenuously endeavour, whatever have been their own errors and vices, to preserve those whom they have introduced into a troublesome world from the foul contagion and pollution of vice. If they have any regard for their children, for their country, for themselves, they will use every probable means to rescue the rising generation from early profligacy.—Selfish motives often prevail when all others are ineffectual. I repeat then, that, for their own sakes, they must guard their offspring from riot, intemperance, and prodigality. If they are misguided by the example of Henry the fifth, or any other reformed rake, so as to encourage their children in evil, or even to be negligent of them, they will probably repent in the days of old age, and find poverty, shame, and anguish, superadded to the weight of years, and the unavoidable evils of a natural decay.

NUMBER XXX.

—— Superior must that hero prove,
Whose first best passion is his country's love.

—————

HECTOR TAKING LEAVE OF ANDROMACHE.

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former
way,

Through streets of palaces and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.

With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aetion's wealthy heir.

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces
prest

His only hope hung smiling at her breast;
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn,
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd,
To tender passions all his mighty mind.

His beauteous princess cast a mournful look;
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;

Her bosom laboured with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

“ Too daring prince ! Ah whither dost thou
run ?

“ Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son !

“ And think’st thou not how wretched we
shall be,

“ A widow I, a helpless orphan he !

“ For sure such courage length of life denies,

“ And thou must fall, thy virtue’s sacrifice.

“ Greece in her single heroes strove in vain :

“ Now hosts oppose thee ; and thou must be
slain.

“ O grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his
doom,

“ All I can ask of Heav’n an early tomb !

“ So shall my days in one sad tenor run,

“ And end with sorrows, as they first begun.

“ No parent now remains, my griefs to share,

“ No father’s aid, no mother’s tender care.

“ The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,

“ Laid Thebé waste, and slew my warlike
fire.

“ His fate compassion in the victor bred ;

“ Stern as he was, he yet rever’d the dead ;

“ His radiant arms preserv’d from hostile
spoil,

“ And laid him decent on the fun’ral pile.

“ By the same arm my seven brave brothers
fell,

“ In one sad day they view'd the gates of hell.

“ While the fat herds and snowy flocks they
fed,

“ Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled.

“ My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,

“ The Queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands.

“ Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again

“ Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,

“ When ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,

“ She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

“ Yet while my Hector still survives, I see

“ My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.

“ Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,

“ Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.

“ Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share ;

“ O prove a husband's, and a father's care !

“ That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,

“ Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of
Troy.

“ Thou from this tow'r defend th' important
post,

“ There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,

“ That pass Tydides, Ajax, strives to gain,

“ And there the vengeful Spartan fires his
train.

“ Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have
giv’n,

“ Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav’n.

“ Let others in the field their arms employ ;

“ But stay my Hector here, and guard his
Troy.”

The chief reply’d, “ That post shall be my
care ;

“ Nor that alone ; but all the works of war.

“ How would the sons of Troy, in arms re-
nown’d,

“ And Troy’s proud dames, whose garments
sweep the ground,

“ Attaint the lustre of my former name,

“ Should Hector basely quite the field of
fame ?

“ My early youth was bred to warlike pains ;

“ My soul impels me to the martial plains.

“ Still foremost let me stand to guard the
throne,

“ To save my father’s glories, and my own.

“ Yet come it will ! the day decreed by fates !

“ (How my heart trembles, while my tongue
relates !

“ The day, when thou, imperial Troy ! must
bend ;

“ Must see thy warriors fall ; thy glories end.

“ And yet no dire prefage fo wounds my
mind,

“ My mother’s death, the ruin of my kind,

“ Not Priam’s hoary hairs defil’d with gore,

“ Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,

“ As thine, Andromache !— Thy griefs I
dread !

“ I fee thee tremb’ling, weeping, captive led !

“ In Argive looms our battles to design,

“ And woes, of which fo large a part was
thine.

“ There, while you groan beneath the load of
life,

“ They cry,”—“ Behold the mighty Hector’s
wife !”

“ Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to
fee,

“ Embitters all thy woes by naming me.

“ The thoughts of glory past, and present
shame,

“ A thousand griefs shall waken at the
name !

“ May I lie cold before that dreadful day,

“ Press’d with a load of monumental clay !

“ Thy Hector, wrapt in univerfal sleep,

“ Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor fee thee
weep.”

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of
Troy,
Stretch'd his fond arms, to clasp the lovely
boy.

The babe clung crying, to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd with the dazzling helm, and nodding
crest.

With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground:
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a parent's pray'r.

“O Thou, whose glory fills th' ætherial
throne,

“And all ye deathless pow'rs!—Protect my
son!

“Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,

“To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,

“Against his country's foes the war to wage,

“And rise the Hector of the future age!

“So, when triumphant from successful toils,

“Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,

“Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd
acclaim,

“And say”—“This chief transcends his father's
fame.”

“ While pleas’d amidst the general shouts of
Troy,

“ His mother’s conscious heart o’erflows with
joy.”

He spoke and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor’d the pleasing burden to her arms ;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush’d to repose, and with a smile survey’d.
The troubled pleasure soon chastis’d with
fear,

She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion view’d
And dry’d the fallen drops, and thus pursu’d.

NUMBER XXXI.

Honesty is the best policy.

HONESTY REWARDED.

VIRTUE is the surest road to happiness. It
sweetens every enjoyment, and is the sovereign
antidote to misfortunes. Pleasures, unless
wholly innocent, never continue so long as the
sting they leave behind them. See that moth

Fluttering incessantly round the candle : Man of pleasure behold thy image !

In a just account of profit and loss an unlawful gain is a greater misfortune than a real loss. This is but once felt ; that scarce ever wears out, but is the source of continual affliction.

Perrin lost both parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity house for his education. At the age of fifteen he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in the neighbourhood of Lucetta, who kept her father's sheep. They often met, and were fond of being together. Five years thus passed, when their sensations became more serious. Perrin proposed to Lucetta to demand her from her father : she blushed, and confessed her willingness. As she had an errand to the town next day, the opportunity of her absence was chosen for making the proposal.— You want to marry my daughter, said the old man. Have you a house to cover her, or money to maintain her ? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It won't do, Perrin, it won't do. But replied Perrin, I have hands to work : I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expence of the wedding : I'll work harder, and lay up more. Well, said

the old man, you are young, and may wait a little: get rich, and my daughter is at your service. Perrin waited for Lucetta returning in the evening. Has my father given you a refusal, cried Lucetta? Ah Lucetta, replied Perrin, how unhappy am I for being poor? But I have not lost all hopes. My circumstances may change for the better. As they never tired of conversing together, the night drew on, and it became dark. Perrin, making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing toward a light in the neighbourhood, he found that it was filled with gold. I thank Heaven, cries Perrin, in a transport, for being favourable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy. In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin. "This money is not
" ours: it belongs to some stranger; and per-
" haps this moment he is lamenting the loss
" of it: let us go to the vicar for advice: he
" has always been kind to me." Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, that at first he looked on it as a providential present to remove the only obstacle to their marriage; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it. The vicar eyed the lovers with attention: he admired their

honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. Perrin, said he, cherish these sentiments: Heaven will bless you. We will endeavour to find out the owner: he will reward thy honesty: I will add what I can spare: you shall have Lucetta. The bag was advertised in the news-papers, and cried in the neighbouring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin. "These twelve thousand livres bear
" at present no profit: you may reap the in-
" terest at least. Lay them out in such a man-
" ner as to ensure the sum itself to the owner
" if he shall appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family-affairs.— They lived in perfect cordiality; and two children endeared them still the more to each other.

Perrin one evening returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned, with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accomodation his small house could afford. This spot, cried one of the gentlemen, is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I lost here ten thousand livres. Perrin listened with attention. What search made you for them? said he. It was not in my

power, replied the stranger, to make any search. I was hurrying to Port l'Orient to embark for the Indies, for the vessel was ready to sail. Next morning Perrin shewed to his guests his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All these are your property," addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag; "the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; the farm is your's. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you." The stranger read the instrument with emotion: he looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children. Where am I, cried he, and what do I hear? What virtue in people so low? Have you any other land but this farm? No, replied Perrin? but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here. Your honesty deserves a better recompense, answered the stranger: my success in trade has been great, and I have forgot my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune: keep it as your own. What man in the world would have acted like Perrin? Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children, said he, kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, this farm now

“ belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without
“ anxiety or remorse.” Thus was honesty re-
warded. Let those who desire the reward
practise the virtue.

NUMBER XXXII.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd.

TEMPLE OF FAME.

A TROOP came next, who crowns and armour
wore,

And proud defiance in their looks they bore.

“ For thee,” they cry'd, “ amidst alarms
and strife,

“ We sail'd in tempests down the stream of
life;

“ For thee whole nations fill'd with fire and
blood,

“ And swam to empire through the purple
flood.

“ Those ills we dar’d, thy inspiration own ;
“ What virtue seem’d, was done for thee
alone.”

“ Ambitious fools !” (the queen reply’d, and
frown’d)

“ Be all your deeds in dark oblivion drown’d,
“ There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants
gone ;

“ Your statues moulder’d, and your names
unknown.”

A sudden cloud straight snatch’d them from
my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their
mien.

“ Great idol of mankind ! We neither
claim

“ The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame :

“ But safe in deserts from th’ applause of
men,

“ Would die unheard of, as we’ve liv’d un-
seen.

“ ’Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight

“ Those acts of goodness, which themselves
requite.

“ O let us still the secret joy partake,

“ To follow virtue, ev’n for virtue’s sake.”

“ And live there men, who slight immortal
fame ?

“ Who then with incense shall adore our
name ?

“ But, mortals ! know, ’tis still our greatest
pride

“ To blaze those virtues, which the good
would hide ;

“ Rise, Muses ! Rise ! Add all your tuneful
breath !

“ These must not sleep in darkness, and in
death.”

She said. In air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
So soft, tho’ high ; so loud, and yet so clear ;
Ev’n list’ning angels lean from heav’n to hear.
To farthest shores th’ ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper’d in my
ear ;

“ What could thus high my rash ambition
raise ?

“ Art thou, fond youth ! a candidate for
praise ?”

’Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came ;
And who so fond, as youthful bards, of fame ?

But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in other's breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit—after death.
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, and how vast the fine !)
The great man's curse, without the gains, en-
dure,
Though wretched, flatter'd, and though envy'd,
poor.

All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice ;
And if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still, where fortune leads the
way ;

Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame,
Then teach me, Heav'n, to scorn the guilty
bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of
praise.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown,
O grant me honest Fame, or grant me none.

NUMBER XXXIII.

Be calm, my Delius, and serene,
However fortune change the scene :
In thy most dejected state,
Sink not underneath the weight ;
Nor yet when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in,
Let a fierce, unruly joy
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy.

ON CHEARFULNESS.

I HAVE always preferred chearfulness to mirth. The latter, I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, chearfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy : on the contrary, chearfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is

like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Chearfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider chearfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of

these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgement undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A chearful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the chearfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoiceth of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it

as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this chearfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this chearfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own

part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing.

The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles which are destructive of chearfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we

may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of chearfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of chearfulness to a good mind, is, its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.

Chearfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give so imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions, which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our *English* phrase) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But, having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are pro-

per to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use ; but, if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging near them to ease the eye upon, after too great an appli-

cation to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: all colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise, whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green fall upon the eye, in such a due proportion that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of chearful.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers, or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after

the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and the increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little^d use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and desarts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher by observing, that, if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us, that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: "In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown them-

“ felves, a difconfolate lover walked out into
“ the fields, &c.”

Every one ought to fence againſt the temper of his climate or conſtitution, and frequently to indulge in himſelf thoſe conſiderations which may give him a ſerenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully againſt thoſe little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a ſatiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happineſs.

At the ſame time that I would engage my reader to conſider the world in its moſt agreeable lights, I muſt own there are many evils which naturally ſpring up amidſt the entertainments that are provided for us; but theſe, if rightly conſidered, ſhould be far from overcaſting the mind with ſorrow, or deſtroying that chearfulneſs of temper which I have been recommending. This interſperſion of evil with good, and pain with pleaſure, in the works of nature, is very truly aſcribed by Mr. Locke in his eſſay on human underſtanding, to a moral reaſon, in the following words:

“ Beyond all this, we may find another
“ reaſon why God hath ſcattered up and down
“ ſeveral degrees of pleaſure and pain, in
“ all the things that inviron and affect us, and

“ blended them together, in almost all that
“ our thoughts and senses have to do with;
“ that we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction,
“ and want of complete happiness in all the en-
“ joyments which the creatures can afford us,
“ might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of
“ him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at
“ whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.”

NUMBER XXXIV.

For *bliss* ambitious views disowns,
And self-dependent laughs at thrones,
Prefers the shade, and lonely seats,
Whither fair Innocence retreats.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND SHEPHERD.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold;

His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor env'y nor ambition knew;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools,)
The shepherd's homely cottage fought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the mid-night oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd.

Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wings protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air,
In conversation overbear:
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listen to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.

Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

NUMBER XXXV.

As Love alone can exquisitely blifs,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain.

THE HISTORY OF POLYDORE AND EMILIA.

IN the reign of Charles II, king of England, lived two gentlemen whose true names I will conceal under the feigned ones of Acasto and Septimius. They were neighbours, their estates lay together, and they had a friendship for each other, which had grown up from their earliest youth.

Acasto had an only son, whom we will call Polydore, and Septimius an only daughter, named Emilia. Though the boy was but fourteen years old, and the girl but twelve, the parents were so desirous of contracting an alliance between their families, and of uniting the two bordering estates, that they married them before either was of age to consummate the marriage, or even to understand the nature

of their contract. As soon as the ceremony was performed, they sent the young gentleman abroad, to finish his education.

After four years which he had spent in France and Italy, he was recalled by the news of his father's death, which made it necessary for him to return to England.

Emilia, who was now about sixteen, began to think he had been absent long enough, and received him with a great deal of satisfaction. She had heard a fine character of him, from those who knew him in his travels: and when she saw him, his person was so improved that she thought herself the happiest of women in being his wife.

But his sentiments for her were very different.

There was in his temper a spirit of contradiction, which could not bear to have a wife imposed upon him.—He complained that his father had taken advantage of his tender age, to draw him into an engagement, in which his judgment could possibly have no part. He confessed that he had no objections to the person or character of Emilia; but insisted on a liberty of choice, and declared, that he looked upon his marriage to be forced and null. In

short he absolutely refused to consummate, in spite of all the endeavours of their friends, and the conjugal affection of the poor young lady who did her utmost to vanquish his aversion. Polydore left the country and enlisted under the banners of the prince of Condé; who was at that time employed in besieging *Arras*. He was well received by the prince, and signalized himself by sundry acts of courage during the siege; but the Marshal Turenne, with La Ferté and Hoquincourt, having attacked the besiegers in their lines, relieved *Arras*, and would have destroyed the Spanish army if the prince of Condé had not saved it by a retreat, which was one of the greatest actions of his life. In this battle Polydore was taken prisoner, and sent to Paris with many other Spanish officers, to continue there till they should be ransomed or exchanged. In the journey he contracted a great intimacy with the Count d'Aguilar, brigadier under the Count de Fuenfaldagna, and one of the first gentlemen in Spain. As they travelled together several days, they very naturally acquainted one another with the principal incidents of their lives.—Polydore related to Aguilar the whole story of his marriage with Emilia, and declaimed, with great heat, against the folly of tying two

people thus together, who wished nothing so much as to be loose.

No doubt, said the Count, it is most absurd; but, to say the truth, I find nothing very reasonable in the whole affair of marriage, as we have made it. I do not know what it may be to other men, but to me it seems horribly unnatural to be confined to any single woman, let her be ever so agreeable.

If I had chosen a woman freely, answered Polydore, I could be always constant to her with pleasure; but to have a companion for life forced upon me, I had rather row in the galleys than submit to it.

You are mistaken, my dear Polydore, replied the Count, in fancying it so easy to be constant even to a wife of one's own choosing. I have had some experience of that kind, and know that the first choice is only good till we have made a second.

When they came to Paris, his first care was to inquire what was become of Septimius and Emilia, whom he had heard no account of for many years. He was informed that Septimius was dead, and his daughter gone from Paris. His curiosity made him write to his friends in England, to ask if she was there — They answered him, that every body believed

she was dead in France, having received no news of her a great while. Polydore was mightily pleased with this account, and fancied himself very happy in being a widower, though he had given himself no trouble to support the character of a husband. The two friends had not resided long at Paris before they were exchanged for some French officers who were taken prisoners by the prince of Condé. They returned to the army; but the season not permitting them to come to any action, they agreed to pass the winter at Brussels, in the court of the Archduke. They had not been there above a month, before Aguilar acquainted his English friend, that he had begun an intrigue with a French lady, who lived in a very retired manner, which he believed was owing to her circumstances: that he had seen her two or three times, by means of a woman at whose house she lodged, whose good offices he had secured by a handsome bribe. He added that he would carry Polydore to see her the next visit that he made. Accordingly, they went together to Mademoiselle Dalincourt (for that was the name of Aguilar's new mistress). At their coming in, Dalincourt seemed much surprised, changed colour, and was not able to speak a word. The Count, alarmed at her

disorder, suspected some lover had been with her, and told her, with an air of discontent, that he was sorry that he came at so wrong a time. She endeavoured to shake off her confusion, and replied that he was always very welcome: but that the gentleman he brought with him had so much resemblance of a brother of her's who was killed in Flanders, that, at first sight, she could not help being struck with it in the manner they had seen: she added, that if the gentleman was as like her brother in mind, as he was in form, she should be mightily pleased with his acquaintance. She spoke this with such an air of sincerity, that the Count began to think his jealousy was without foundation.

After some general discourse, she applied to Polydore, and asked him how long he had been engaged in the Spanish service? with many other more particular inquiries, which seemed to intimate a desire to know him better. Polydore was very glad of it, in hopes to serve his friend: and the Count, who had no suspicions on that side, did his utmost to engage them in a friendship, which he imagined would turn to his advantage.

At night, when the two gentlemen were at home together, Aguilar asked his companion

what he thought of Dalincourt's person and understanding? Better of the last than the first, answered he, though both are certainly agreeable. I cannot help thinking, continued he, that her person is not quite new to me; but I cannot recollect where I met with her, except it was at Paris, when I was there a boy.—You will do well to improve your acquaintance now, replied the Count; and, to give you an opportunity of doing it, I will send you there to-morrow, to make my excuses for being obliged to hunt with the archduke, instead of waiting upon her, as I intended. I know, my dear Polydore will employ all his wit and eloquence to set his friend's passion in the best light; and while he is with her, I shall have less uneasiness in being away. Polydore promised him all the services he could do him; but he wished he had got a mistress too, to make the party even.

The next day he went to her, and said a great deal in praise of Aguilar, to discover what she thought of him. She answered him with terms of a cold esteem, but nothing that gave him the least encouragement to believe she was in love. He then endeavoured to persuade her of the violence of the Count's passion for her; but she assured him, that this was

the only subject she did not care to hear him talk of.—He returned to his friend, quite discouraged at her manner of proceeding, and told him there was nothing to be hoped for.

The Count shewed him a letter he had just received from his confidant, the lady of the house, which advised him not to think of gaining Dalincourt by a timorous respect; but to offer her at once a handsome settlement, which the streightness of her fortune would make her listen to much more kindly than she did to his fine speeches.

This indeed may do something, said Polydore; for I found by her discourse, that she had been reduced, by a series of misfortunes, to a condition very much beneath her birth.—In conclusion, they agreed to make a trial whether she was to be bought or not; and Polydore was made the bearer of a letter which contained a very liberal proposal. She read it, looked at Polydore sometime without saying a word, and at last burst out into a flood of tears.

I thought, said she, recovering her voice, that it had not been in the power of my ill destiny to make me more unhappy; but I now find that my misfortunes have sunk me lower than ever I was aware of, since two gentlemen, whose esteem I wished to gain, think so mean-

ly of me, as to imagine me a proper person to receive such a letter. But know, Sir, that I am as much a stranger to infamy, as I am to happiness; and have a spirit superior to all the wrongs that your insolent sex can put upon me. Had not you disgraced yourself by the scandalous employment of endeavouring to seduce me with a dirty bribe, I should have been happy in seeing you often here: but must now desire you to trouble me no more, and to tell your friend, as my answer to his letter, that I would sooner give myself to a footman, than sell myself to a prince.

Polydore was infinitely struck with this reception. Every word she uttered pierced him to the heart; and he looked upon her as a miracle of virtue, such as he never had any notion of before.—He returned to the Count in great confusion, and acquainted him of the ill success of his commission. Aguilar, more in love with her than ever, wrote a most submissive letter to beg her pardon: but she instantly sent it back unopened. When he found all his courtship was ineffectual, he left Brussels in despair, and retired to a villa of one of his friends, where he resolved to stay till the opening of the campaign. In the meanwhile Polydore, who continued still at Brussels, was in a

situation little easier than his friend. Made-moiselle Dalincourt took up all his thoughts: he repeated to himself a thousand times the last words he heard her speak, and admired the spirit that appeared in them to a degree of adoration.

Not being able to bear her absence any longer, he sent to beg that he might see her once again, upon a business wholly relating to himself. She admitted him, and began the conversation, by strictly forbidding him to name the Count in any thing he had to say to her. I have no inclination to name him, replied he; for I would willingly forget that I ever knew him. I am sensible that I wrong him, in declaring to you that I love you more than life: yet as his passion is quite destitute of hope, why should not I solicit you for a heart to which he has no pretensions? But, be my conduct right or not in regard to him; to you Madam, it shall ever be most honourable. I come to offer you my whole fortune upon such terms as your virtue need not blush at.

The lady answered him with blushes, that she was highly sensible of the sentiments he expressed for her; that she liked his person, and admired his understanding; but that, to her misfortune, she was married already, and

therefore could say nothing to his proposal.— Good heaven cried Polydore, you are married! And who then is your husband? the most unworthy of mankind, answered she: one who has abandoned me to the malice of my fortune, and does not know at this time what is become of me, nor trouble himself about it.— He is, indeed, unworthy, replied the lover, who is possessed of such a treasure, and can neglect it. But, Madam, employ me in your revenge: command my sword to pierce the monster's heart, and tear it from his bosom. No, said she, your safety is more dear to me than the desire of revenge. All I ask of you is, to swear that you will never be like that husband, but continue to love me equally when you know me better: upon this condition, I will grant you all the favours which my duty will allow; and, perhaps, your future conduct may prevail upon me to throw off all restraint.

The happy Polydore swore every thing she desired, and she permitted him to see her when he pleased; but, being informed by him of the treachery of her friend at whose house she lodged, they agreed to make their appointments at another place.

They continued this commerce for some time without any interruption, till the Count d'A-

guilar had notice of it from his confident, who perceived it in spite of all their caution.

Never was rage equal to his at this discovery. He wrote to Polydore, reproaching him with his breach of friendship in the bitterest terms, and required him to meet him with his sword, behind the walls of a nunnery that was situated about two leagues out of Brussels. Polydore accepted of the challenge, and met him at the place appointed: he attempted to justify himself, but the Count had not the patience to hear him out. They fought with great fury a good while, till the fortune of Polydore prevailed, and the Count fainted away with the loss of blood from two or three wounds which he had received. The other seeing him fall, thought him dead, and made off with the utmost precipitation. Just at that instant came by a coach and six, which was driving towards the nunnery: a lady who was in it, seeing a gentleman lie weltering in his blood, stopped her coach, and went if she could try to assist him. At the sight of the face she fetched a scream, and fell upon his body in a swoon. Her servants, concluding it to be some one she was much concerned for, carried them both into the nunnery, where the lady soon came to herself, and the Count also began to shew signs of life, his

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spirits being agitated by the motion. He was immediately put to bed, and a surgeon sent for, who declared his wounds to be dangerous, but not mortal. While they continued uncertain of his cure, the lady who brought him into the nunnery waited constantly, day and night, at his bedside, and nursed him with a care that would not yield to a moment of repose. As her face was always covered with a veil, he took her to be one of the nuns, and was astonished at a charity so officious. When he grew better, his curiosity increased, and he ardently pressed her to let him know to whom he owed such great obligations. Are you a nun, Madam? said he: I hope you are not; for it would afflict me infinitely, if I was never to see you more, after leaving a house where you have done me so many favours. The lady for whom you fought, answered she, will make you soon forget the loss of me; and though I am not a nun, you will never see me out of the limits of these walls.

How, madam! said he, was you not out of them, when you found me on the ground, and saved my life?

Yes, replied she; I was returning from a visit to a convent in the town; but I will take care not to stir from hence while you are at

Brussels, because you are the man in the world I would avoid.

This speech so surpris'd him, that for some time he was not able to make her any answer. At last he told her, that her actions and her words entirely disagreed, and that he could not think himself so hateful to her as she said, when he reflected how kindly she had used him.

These riddles shall be cleared to you, answered she, when you are perfectly recovered: till then content yourself with knowing that I cannot hate you, but am as much determin'd to avoid you, as if I could.

Thus ended a conversation which left the Count in a perplexity not to be described.

He saw her no more for a few days; but, when she heard that his strength was quite returned, she came to him one morning, and spoke thus:

“ If you will know who she is that was so
“ afflicted when your life was in danger; that
“ nursed you so carefully in your illness; and
“ and is resolv'd to quit you for ever when
“ you are well; think of your former gallantries at Madrid, of your present passion for
“ a mistress that despises you, and your ingratitude to a wife that always loved you;

“ think of all this, and you will not wonder any
“ longer at my actions or my words.—Yes, A-
“ guilar, I am that wife whose fate it is to be
“ acquainted with all your infidelities, and to
“ smart for all your follies.”

As she said this, she lifted up her veil, and shewed the astonished Count a well known face, which he little expected to have seen in Flanders. All the passions that can agitate the heart of man, shame, remorse, love, gratitude, invaded him in that moment. He threw himself at her feet, and with many tears implored her to forgive him.

She raised him, and assured him of her pardon, nay, more, of her affection: “ but my
“ person,” said she, “ I am determined shall
“ be ever separated from you. I have had too
“ many proofs of your inconstancy, to hope
“ that any obligations can engage you: you
“ will never be faithful to me alone, and I
“ disdain to share you with another. It is
“ happiness enough for me that I have been
“ the instrument of preserving your life,
“ though you risked it for the sake of another
“ woman; and all the return I ask of you is
“ to think of me sometimes with kindness, but
“ never to attempt to see me more.”

She had scarce finished, when they were interrupted by the arrival of Polydore and Dalincourt. Madam d'Aguilar changed colour at the sight of her; but her husband, embracing Polydore, assured him, that he no longer looked upon him as a rival, but was glad to resign his mistress to a friend who so well deserved her. Then he related to him the manner in which his wife had tended and preserved him; and expressed so much gratitude, so much love, that, if any thing could have shaken her resolution, this would certainly have done it. Mademoiselle Dalincourt seemed much affected at this relation, and told the Countess, she was infinitely concerned that she had been the innocent cause of her husband's danger; but that she hoped this accident would be a means of making them happy for the future, and put an end to his infidelities and her resentment.

My happiness too, added she, is now at stake; and I have need of your friendship to support me in a discovery which I tremble to begin, but which, in justice to my honour, I am obliged to delay no longer.

At these words, she kneeled down, and taking hold of Polydore's hand: "Behold," said she, "my dear husband, in that Dalincourt, whom you have sworn to love eter-

“ nally, behold your wife Emilia, that Emilia
“ whom you left a bride and a virgin at sixteen;
“ whom you imagined dead, and who
“ will not live a moment, if you refuse to acknowledge
“ and receive her.

“ You cannot now complain that I am a
“ wife imposed upon you; you chose me freely,
“ out of pure inclination; our parents had
“ nothing to do in it; love only engaged us,
“ and from love alone I desire to possess
“ you. This is my claim; and if you are
“ willing to allow it, I am blessed to the
“ height of all my wishes.”

Polydore gazed on her with a silent admiration. He examined every feature over and over, then throwing his arms round her neck, and almost stifling her with kisses: “ Are you
“ really Emilia (cried he), and have I confirmed
“ my former marriage by a new choice,
“ by a choice which I never will depart from,
“ and which makes me the happiest of men?
“ O my angel, what wonders do you tell me!
“ How is it possible that I find you here at
“ Brussels, when I thought you in your grave?
“ Explain this to me, and let me know how
“ much I wronged you formerly, that I may
“ try to repair it all by my future conduct.”

NUMBER XXXVI.

With *Care* I let the creature stay.

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

OLD *Care*, with Industry and Art,
At length so well had play'd his part,
He'd heap'd up such an ample store,
That Avarice could sigh no more;
Ten thousand flocks his shepherds told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded granaries groan;
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess it was a pain;
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a virtuous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free,
Her name was Generosity.

'Twas her's, the largesse to bestow
On rich, on poor, on friend, on foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide.
'To th' hungry and the thirsty crew
'The bread she broke, the drink she drew.
There Sickness laid her aching head,
And there Distress could find a bed.
Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
Her blessings overspread the land;
Her gifts and glories lasted long,
And numerous was th' accepted throng.

At length, pale Pen'ry seiz'd the dame,
And fortune fled, and Ruin came;
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before.
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair;
When, lo! to comfort her came Care,
And said my dear, if you will join
Your hands in nuptial bands with mine,
All shall be well; you shall have store,
And I'll be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the generous part.

The bridal came; good was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest:

The bride, in nine moons, brought him forth
 A little maid, of matchless worth;
 Her face was mix'd with care and glee,
 They christen'd her—Oeconomy!
 They styl'd her Fair Discretion's Queen,
 The Mistress of the golden mean.

Now Generosity can find
 She's perfect, easy in her mind;
 She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
 Nor wishes to be free from Care.

NUMBER XXXVII.

True to my heart, I seldom roam,
 Because I find my joys at home.

THE SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS EASY.

AN Italian bishop struggled thro' great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function, without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who

highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being *always easy*? “Yes,” replied the old man, “I can teach you my secret, and with great facility: it consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes.” His friend begged him to explain himself. “Most willingly,” returned the bishop: “In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or to complain.”

NUMBER XXXVIII.

Attun'd by thee, the soul aspires,
Beyond the range of low desires.

TO SOLITUDE.

THOU gentle nurse of pleasing woe!
To thee, from crowds and noise and show,
With eager haste I fly.
Thrice welcome, friendly Solitude!
O let no busy foot intrude,
Nor list'ning ear be nigh.

Soft, silent melancholy maid!
With thee to yon sequester'd shade
My pensive steps I bend;
Still, at the mild approach of night,
When Cynthia lends her sober light,
Do thou my walk attend!

To thee alone my conscious heart
Its tender sorrow dares impart,
And ease my lab'ring breast;

To thee I trust the rising sigh,
And bid the tear that swells mine eye
No longer be suppress'd.

With thee among the haunted groves
The lovely forc'refs Fancy roves,
O let me find her here!
For she can time and space controul,
And swift transport my fleeting soul
To all it holds most dear!

Ah no!—ye vain delusions hence!
No more the hallow'd influence
Of Solitude pervert!
Shall Fancy cheat the precious hour,
Sacred to Wisdom's awful pow'r
And calm Reflection's part?

O Wisdom! from the sea-beat shore
Where, list'ning to the solemn roar,
Thy lov'd Eliza strays,
Vouchsafe to visit my retreat,
And teach my erring, trembling feet
Thy heav'n-protected ways!

Oh guide me to the humble cell
Where Resignation loves to dwell,
Contentment's bow'r in view.

Nor pining Grief with Absence drear,
Nor seek Suspense, nor anxious Fear,
Shall there my steps pursue.

There let my soul to him aspire
Whom none e're sought with vain desire,
Nor lov'd in sad despair !
There, to his gracious will divine
My dearest, fondest hope resign,
And all my tend'rest care !

Then Peace shall heal this wounded breast,
That pants to see another blest,
From selfish passion pure ;
Peace, which when human wishes rise
Intense, for aught beneath the skies,
Can never be secure.

NUMBER XXXIX.

Breasts that with sympathizing ardor glow'd
And holy friendship.—

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of friendship; to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel-writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendships, which we find impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetner of life under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inaccessible, or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a

similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes of a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens, as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependence gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connections more nearly equal; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only increases their burden; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment, at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought from riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependents was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world he thought it prudent to accept; but while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such indeed, in the common acceptation of the world, it was. Where-

ever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had, wrought under his direction with assiduity, and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity: Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of dangers at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents.

From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now-successful soldier saw his former friend, upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The centurion

from above heard and obeyed, and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

NUMBER XL.

From things the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

TO MIRA, WITH A PAINTED FAN†.

MIRA! take this painted fan:
Of it make the most you can.
When it rises, full display'd,
To supply the cooling shade,
Read these maxims there exprest:
Shade for man is *sometimes* best!
Life would yield but small delight,
Were the scene *for ever* bright.

† On one side an old woman reading with spectacles, her crutch standing by her; on the reverse, Virtue in a rich-wrought, but loose robe, looking upward, and giving alms in an inclining posture, to a beggar on the ground.

When the chearing breeze it sends,
Think on whom your breath depends !
Think, that blifs and life would fail,
But for Providence's gale !

If to mock the *starrer's* eyes,
And conceal a blush, it rise ;
Thus reflect behind the scene :
Will my actions need a screen,
When display'd to *ev'ry* eye ?
Or will heav'n a screen supply ?

In that aged face you'll see
What e'er long your *own* may be :
Learn from *ev'ry* wrinkle there,
Time's a foe to all that's fair.

By those spectacles you'll read,
What your *orbs* may *one day* need.

From that crutch this hint pursue :
I may need supporting too.

Turn it then to *Virtue's* side,
View her form ; (but stretch it wide !)
Virtue, if she's painted right,
Best appears when *most in sight*.

Rich her robe ! and this implies,
Wealth is sometimes *Virtue's* prize.
All with curious foliage wrought,
Hence her *industry* be taught ;
Loosely flowing, to express
Negligence of mode and dress.

Yet, though loosely flows the vest,
Claspt, with care, across her breast !

Mira wants not to be told,

Virtue's *free*, but never *bold*.

Think that placid smile reveals

Joys which Virtue only feels ;

Think that easy, open, air,

Speaks the unaffected fair.

See ! she drops her alms *inclin'd* ;

This denotes her *humble* mind ;

Upwards that she turns her eye,

Hints her portion in the sky.

Show, by folding the machine,

Virtue may exist *unseen*.

NUMBER XLI.

My love admits of no delay,
Arise, my fair, and come away.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

IN the court of an ancient Grecian King, when time was young, and the Gods and Goddesses made frequent excursions from their celestial abodes to this terrestrial globe, were three beautiful damsels who attracted the attention of all who saw them. They were sisters, and the youngest, whose name was Psyche, was so exquisitely fair that every beholder spoke of her with rapture. Venus was determined to view this wonder of her sex, and, at the same instant, was struck with the truth of the report she had heard, and inflamed with jealousy at the sight of an object whose charms surpassed her own. The Goddesses conjured her son to revenge her cause, which Cupid, ever ready to obey his parent, undertook to do in the most effectual manner.

As Psyche was one day walking in the gardens of the court, she was suddenly carried off by a monstrous Satyr, who was attended by a number of his own species. Her tears and cries had no effect on the obdurate heart of her ravisher, and she found herself at length at the foot of a rock, in the midst of a desert.

While she was almost torpid with despair, she was suddenly struck by a soothing voice, which consoled her in the tenderest terms. A magnificent palace presently arose amidst the desert, and a number of beautiful Nymphs paid homage to the despairing maid. The same musical voice, which addressed her before, told her to be of good cheer, and make no objection to whatever she was requested to comply with. Psyche assented, and the Nymphs arrayed her for her wedding with the Satyr, whose sight filled her with horror. His attentions to her, however, were so great, that by degrees she saw him with less reluctance; and, as her unseen Monitor always recommended him to her favour, he in time became an object of her esteem.

Her sisters, who had long sought her in vain, at this period discovered the place of her abode, and loaded her with caresses, upon perceiving the sumptuous manner in which she lived.

The magnificence of the place, the richness of her dress, and the number of her attendants all struck them with astonishment. They could not help lamenting, however, the circumstance of her being united to a Satyr, and by degrees turned her heart against him. The friendly voice, which had never failed giving her hints with respect to her conduct, here warned her against the voice of ingratitude. But, hurried by her passions, she no longer listened to her faithful Monitor, and at length was prevailed on to endeavour to put an end to the life of her disagreeable partner, in order to enjoy with her sisters the riches he then shared with her.

She went softly with a poinard in her hand, in order to dispatch this pretended monster, while he was asleep; but she had no sooner raised her arm than the weapon fell on his thigh and waked him.

At this instant, the God of Love, who, being struck with her beauty, had only assumed the form of the Satyr, appeared in all his glory. Indignation flashed from his eyes at the cruelty of her intention, and he reproached her in such tender terms, that she was too late convinced that his was the friendly voice which had so often given her good counsel. A peal

of thunder was then heard, accompanied with repeated flashes of lightning, which discovered to her that she was no longer in a palace, but in an unfrequented desert, surrounded with rocks.

The vengeance of Venus, who had been deceived by her son, in his not marrying her to a real Satyr, as the Goddess had directed him, still pursued the unhappy Psyche. As she sat trembling at the horrors of the scene around her, a matron-like figure addressed her with great complacency, and after some time gave her a box richly studded with jewels, which she assured her contained an essence fraught with uncommon virtues, and which Proserpine had sent her, in order to make her peace with the Cyprian Goddess; to whom she was directed to carry it, but on no account to examine the contents.

After these instructions the woman disappeared, and Psyche proceeded the way which had been pointed out to her, lamenting her fate. Curiosity, which is too predominant in the female sex, repeatedly impelled her to open the box, notwithstanding the direction she had received to the contrary. Overcome at length by that inquisitive spirit which actuates the fairer part of the creation, she at last lifted up the lid, when lo! to her amazement,

a sulphureous vapour arose from within, and darkened the ambient air ; but how was her astonishment increased, when a few minutes after, at an adjacent brook, she discovered the alabaster whiteness of her skin was changed to an Ethiopian hue !

She sunk down with horror at the sight, and, on coming to herself, she was surrounded by Tisiphone and the daughters of Styx. They, by order of Venus, were sent to imprison ~~her~~ for ever in a subterraneous cavern ; but Cupid, shocked at the cruel mandate, and loving her more than ever for the sufferings she had undergone, flew to her assistance, and brought her into the presence of his mother, whose pity she implored in the most pathetic terms.

The Goddess, overcome by the intreaties of her son and the justness of Pysche's complaints, commiserated her situation, and restored her to her former colour ; which gave her, in many respects a superiority in beauty even over Venus herself, who directly after joined the hands of the amiable pair, and left them to enjoy the felicity of the nuptial state.

NUMBER XLII.

Virtue, dear friend, needs no defence,
The surest guard is Innocence.

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

THE blooming damsel, whose defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for Modesty's her friend.
Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring spear and massy shield,
Yet, safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

With this artillery she goes,
Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux,
But e'en unhurt, and undismay'd,
Views the long sword, and fierce cockade.
'Tho' all a Syren as she talks,
'Tho' all a goddess as she walks,
Yet Decency each motion guides,
And Wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

Place her in Russia's snowy plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns ;
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, ambition, in thy towers,
'Mongst the more dang'rous golden showers,
Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms against the bribe.

Leave her defenceless, and alone,
A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
The sunshine there might vainly vie
With the bright lustre of her eye.
But Phoebus self, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one dubious thought inspire,
But virtue's path would quick prefer,
"Be wise, ye fair ! and copy her."

NUMBER XLIII.

Had all that lib'ral Nature could impart
To charm the eye, and captivate the heart.

AN INDIAN TALE.

THE name of Caracaros had been heard with terror by the Spaniards, long after their settlement in South America; he was a prince descended from the Incas of Peru, and most of his ancestors had been sacrificed to the treachery and inhumanity of the Christian invaders. He had taken the field twice against the Spanish viceroy with great success, and would in all probability have possessed himself of the city of Mexico, but for the baseness of his own countrymen, who insidiously betrayed him to Don Lopez, one of the Spanish generals.

Finding his head quarters surprised, Caracaros, accompanied by his son Guyomar and a few faithful followers, cut his way through a host of the enemy, in the most desperate manner. He fled with precipitation to the moun-

tains, where he was sure to find a temporary asylum from the malice of his foes. The Spaniards by this stroke had gained a capital advantage; such of the Mexicans, who were not destroyed in the attack, laid down their arms, and became slaves to the conquerors, who possessed themselves at the same time of an immense treasure which the unfortunate Caracaros had accumulated for recovering the liberties of his country.

Among the prisoners made by the Spaniards were his wife Orella, and his daughter Zedaria, a beautiful girl, about twelve years of age; they were taken undistinguished among the tumult, and carried to Mexico, with a number of unhappy captives. Orella took particular pains to conceal her rank from the Spaniards, hoping she and Zedaria were more likely to escape, as private persons, than if their real characters were known. They were settled in the family of Don Lopez, who had been lately married to the daughter of the Viceroy. This lady, though a native of Spain, felt greatly for the sufferings of the miserable people over whom her father exercised his authority. She no sooner saw Zedaria, than she became prejudiced in her favour, and placed her and her mother, after a short time, among

those attendants who were constantly about her person.

Orella had formed several plans to escape to her affectionate Caracaros; but the great distance of the place where he was posted from Mexico, and the successes of the Spaniards against such of the natives as made any opposition to their progress, deterred her from attempting to put any of them in execution. The repeated alarms she suffered, and her anxiety for the fate of her husband, threw her into a malady which nature was not able to sustain, and she died some months after, in the arms of Zedara, conjuring her, in her last moments, to pursue the fortune of her father, and never to depart from the religion of her country.

Caracaros did not continue long in the place where he first took refuge, but with Guyomar, and a small number of his troops, penetrated through a desert part of the country, till they arrived at a warlike nation of Indians, who had been long settled on the borders of the South-Sea, where he hoped by his representations of the Spanish tyranny, to gain some assistance for his desponding brethren, who groaned under their yoke.

He spent a considerable time among these people, without being able to effectuate his purpose in the manner he expected. As a nation, these people were by no means inclined to commence hostilities against an army of Europeans, who from report could command thunder and lightning to destroy their assailants; they however gave Caracaros leave to raise as many men as would voluntarily enter into his service. With this permission, he in a short time augmented his troops to about 1500, with whom he returned towards Mexico, not doubting but that his army would be considerably increased, when his adherents heard he was once more able to act offensively.

During these transactions, the lady of Don Lopez had behaved with the greatest tenderness to her favourite Zedaria, who was so filled with gratitude for the obligations she had received, and so little able to oppose the arguments which were made use of to prevail on her to renounce Paganism, that she readily embraced the Catholic religion, and was christened with great ceremony, by the name of Mariana.

Don Sebastian, the youngest son of a grandee of Spain, who commanded a troop of horse under Don Lopez, and occasionally visited his family, was so struck with the beauty

and accomplishments of this amiable captive, that he felt great uneasiness on the occasion. He was too much a man of honour to violate the laws of hospitality by attempting to seduce her from the protection of his friend, and had too much pride to think of declaring a virtuous passion for an obscure slave, who was supposed to be the offspring of a Peruvian peasant: a report which Orella, in order to conceal her quality, had successfully propagated.

Sebastian, however, could not absent himself from the object of his admiration, and every day added to the violence of his passion, which was at length discovered by Don Lopez, who had long secretly entertained unlawful views upon his wife's favourite. He determined therefore to break off their connection as soon as possible, and, pretending to be greatly offended with Sebastian's conduct, forbid him his house. The lady of Lopez was carried off by a sudden illness about this period, an accident which gave Sebastian the utmost concern, as he had for some time suspected a rival in that general; and, trembling for the consequences of Mariana being in his power, was determined, at all events, to rescue her from destruction.

For this purpose, despising the ridicule to which he laid himself open by the declaration, he boldly avowed his affection for Mariana, and applied to the viceroy for leave to marry her in public. This request was not complied with; but the governor directed, that, as the girl was a Christian, and as her kind mistress had made her free some time before her dissolution, she should be at liberty to leave the family of Lopez, whenever she thought proper.

The Spanish general, irritated by these proceedings, caused his attendants to remove Mariana in the night to a village about six miles from the capital, near the place where his head-quarters were fixed.

Caracaros, agreeably to his wishes, was joined by great numbers of the wretched natives in his march, and fortunately, fell in with a body of 1200 Peruvians, who were engaged in the same cause with himself, and determined to sacrifice their lives in defence of their country. With this force he encompassed the advanced guard of the Spaniards, who little imagined their foes were so formidable, and cut most of them in pieces. Lopez himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and fled with disgrace into the capital. The

village to which Mariana had been sent fell into the hands of Caracaros at the same time; and, as she was richly habited, she was supposed to be a person of no small distinction, and as such brought into the presence of her father. Four years had now elapsed since he last beheld her, and, though time had greatly improved her infant beauties, the instant he cast his eyes upon her, he recollected her to be his long lost child. She threw herself at his feet, and was unable to speak the effusions of her heart, from the surprise and joy which possessed her. After mutual caresses, she was sent under the conduct of her brother Guyomar to a town called Mestees, at that time garrisoned by the Mexicans, as a place of security, while Caracaros was determined to pursue his advantage, and pushed on to the walls of the capital.

The next morning, however, he found it necessary to alter his resolution, as he received certain intelligence that a body of the Spaniards and their auxiliaries, consisting of four times his number, were strongly posted within a league of the city, and his followers seemed to be unanimous in resolving not to hazard a battle against such superior force.

For these reasons he, though unwillingly, wheeled about, and divided his troops into

small bodies, in order to harrafs the enemy, fixing the general rendezvous at Mestees, where he had dispatched Guyomar the day before.

In the dead of the night, a messenger arrived at the camp of Caracaros with the unwelcome tidings that the detachment which had been sent off under the command of Guyomar had been defeated by a troop of Spanish horse, and that the gallant youth had been mortally wounded by the Spanish chief, whose principal object seemed to be carrying off Zedaria, in which he unluckily had succeeded.

The distress our noble Indian felt upon this occasion can be easier imagined than described: he started from his tent, frantic at the intelligence; and flew to the Mestees, where he had the mournful satisfaction of embracing Guyomar, just before he expired. The youth had fought with uncommon bravery hand to hand with the Chief of the enemy, who made his attack in the most desperate manner, and who no sooner saw Zedaria in the hands of his followers, than he ordered them to desist from the combat, which was entirely in his own favour, and rode off in triumph.

The Spanish officer was no other than Don Sebastian, who, being posted with a body of

horse, within a few miles of the head quarters of Don Lopez, no sooner discovered that the enemy had carried off his adorable Mariana, than he determined to recover her, or die in the attempt. To this end he selected a band of soldiers, whose valour he had often experienced, and proceeded to watch the motions of Caracaros, from one of whose straggling troops he learned the circumstance of Mariana's being sent to Mestees; on which he pursued the detachment with the utmost celerity, overtook and defeated it as above-mentioned.

The beautiful Indian was not a little surpris'd at the sight of Sebastian, who loaded her with caresses, while she expressed her apprehensions for Guyomar's safety with the greatest anxiety. This led her to explain to Sebastian who she really was, and to acquaint him with the reasons which occasioned her to keep her being the daughter of Caracaros a secret. The Spaniard was alarmed at this information; he was conscious he had given her brother his mortal wound; but thought it best for the present to conceal it from her, and use every means in his power to alleviate her sorrow.

An inundation, occasioned by the melting of snow on the high mountains, which is common in that quarter of the globe, prevented

Sebastian from returning to the capital by the usual road; and, in endeavouring to ford a small river which had been greatly increased by the floods, he was suddenly surrounded by one of the parties which Caracaros had dispatched to harass the enemy. He fought courageously for some minutes; but his horse receiving a wound from one of the enemy's arrows, in spite of his efforts to prevent him, jumped into the flood, and was carried down the stream with the utmost rapidity. His troops being pressed by a superior force, were presently broken and put to flight, while Zedaria once more fell into the hands of the Mexicans, to whom she directly made herself known, and desired to be conveyed to her father.

Caracaros, penetrated with the most lively grief for the death of his son, had retired to an unfrequented cave, near Mestees, which had frequently afforded him an assylum from his enemies, and which he now pitched upon as the burial-place for the lamented youth.—The sight of his daughter threw a suffusion of joy over his countenance; he tenderly embraced her, and, after hearing the manner in which she had been treated by Sebastian, suspected she had a partiality in his favour. He was soon confirmed in his conjecture, by her

hinting that Sebastian desired nothing more than to put an end to the bloody war which had been so long carried on with the natives; and that, as a proof of his earnest wishes for a happy reconciliation, he had instructed her to acquaint Caracaros that he should esteem the hand of his daughter the greatest honour which could be conferred upon him.

The valiant Indian started at these words, and darting a look full of resentment at Zedaria, ran into the cave, from whence he instantly returned, bearing a bloody robe, which displaying before her, "Behold, said he, degenerate girl, these fatal stains. This is thy brother's vestment; his blood cries loudly for vengeance on that villain whose praises you have just been so lavish in." Zedaria was filled with horror at these words; she sunk senseless upon the ground, and was conveyed soon after by her attendants to Mestees, where the disturbance of her mind soon threw her into a disorder from which the most melancholy consequences were apprehended.

Sebastian, after being carried a considerable way down the stream, with difficulty reached the opposite shore, from whence, wandering some time through unfrequented paths, he at length arrived at a village garrisoned by the

Spaniards. Here he learned the important news that Don Lopez had resigned his military employments, and that he himself was advanced to the chief command of the Spanish forces.

This intelligence greatly relieved the perturbation of his mind, and, after making the necessary disposition for dislodging the enemy, he sent overtures of a very honourable nature to Caracaros, and repeated the offer he had before made, with respect to his daughter. The inflexible Indian, however, would hearken to no terms of accommodation, and pursued his operations with redoubled vigour. Tired of making war in detail, this intrepid chief encouraged his troops to hazard a general battle. In order to deceive the Spaniards, the natives made a faint of retiring before them. The Europeans pushed close upon their rear, till the Mexicans came between two hills, within a few miles of Mestees, when they suddenly made a stand, and Sebastian found himself flanked by two large bodies of his enemies. The action presently became general; but from Caracaros having received a shot in his lungs, and the enemy's artillery being admirably served, the Indians became disheartened, and were soon put to flight, notwithstanding their advantageous situation. A great slaughter ensued,

and Caracaros, with the shattered remains of his troops, took refuge in Mestees, which was immediately after invested by the victor, and summoned instantly to surrender. The Indian chief, finding his death was at hand, sent for his daughter, who was now in a state of recovery from the malady she had suffered.

Zedania came weeping into his presence; she fell upon her knees, and kissed her father's hand; but he turned himself from her, and, after upbraiding her with betraying her country, sacrificing the Gods of her fathers, and wishing to marry the murderer of her brother, stabbed her to the heart.

This ferocious act of savage patriotism struck all the beholders with horror. A few minutes after Sabastian, to whom the gates had been opened by the people, upon his solemn promise that their lives should be spared, entered the mournful apartment, when Caracaros, observing him petrified with astonishment at the dreadful spectacle, in dying accents addressed him to this purport: "Christian, my son's revenged;—thou shalt not
" exult over his grave—my daughter owes her
" death to thee—fare thee well, and know
" that Caracaros despised thy offers, as he
" wished not to survive the freedom of his

"country." Here death stopped his further utterance, and the attention of the spectators was attracted by Sebastian, who threw himself upon the body of the lifeless Zedaria, in an agony of despair; and it was with the utmost difficulty his attendants could separate him from her.

She was interred with great funeral pomp, a short time after, in the cathedral church at Mexico, by the direction of her lover, who caused a monument to be erected to her memory, containing an inscription reciting her melancholy story, engraved in letters of gold.

NUMBER XLIV.

And Nature's loveliest scenes desery.

A DESCRIPTION OF MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant-cock,
Close to Parlet perch't on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock !)
And proclaims the morning nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurst by Night, retire ;
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale
And the new-wak'd kidlings crop
Dafies round the dewy dale.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night ;
And the lark to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the clay-built cottage-ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring !
Darting through the one arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Lo, the busy bees, employ'd !
Restless till their task be done !
Now from sweet to sweet uncloy'd,
Sipping dew, before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
See the silver-stream distil !

Sweet refreshment for the flock,
When 'tis sun-drove from the hill!

Ploughmen, for the promis'd corn,
Rip'ning o'er the banks of Tweed,
Anxious, hear the huntsman's horn,
Softened by the shepherd's reed.

Sweet, oh sweet, the warb'ling throng,
On the white-emblossom'd spray!
All is music, mirth, and song,
At the jocund dawn of day.

NOON.

Fervid now the sun-beam glows,
Drinking deep the morning-gem:
Not a dew-drop's left the rose,
To refresh her parent-stem.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian-heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

See, the flock forfakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasant shade
By the ivi'd-abbey wall.

Echo in her airy round
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool ;
Or with languid silence stand
Mid-way in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dale, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs ;
Fearful, lest the piercing beam
Scorch his soft, his filken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd, serene, and still !
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill !

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh-descending show'r
Kindly cools the thirsty ground,
And revives each fainting flow'r.

Now the hill, the hedge, is green ;
Now the warbler's throat's in tune !

Blithesome is the vernal scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

EVENING.

As the plodding ploughman goes
Homeward, to the hamlet bound !
Giant-like his shadow grows,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

The steer along the meadow strays
Free—the furrow'd task is done ;
And the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Mark him, from behind the hill,
Streak the purple painted sky ;
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye ?

Where the rising forest spreads
Round the time-decaying dome ;
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home !

As the lark, with vary'd tune,
Carols, to the evening, loud :
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud !

Now the hermit-howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake;
And the curling vapour creeps
O'er the lily border'd lake.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
Playful, from her bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successful rings.

Tripping through the silken grafs
O'er the path-divided dale,
See the rose-complexion'd lasfs,
With the well-pois'd milking-pail!

Linnetts, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

NUMBER XLV.

Nothing so *false* as what you once let fall,
"Most *women* have no characters at all."

CAMILLA AND FLORA.

CAMILLA is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all: she is modest

and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light: she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiment she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high-born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem by natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet, when

she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! By this silent unassuming merit she overaws the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing, noise with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

FLORA.

"You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? What, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a Cor-

regio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature ! how different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora ! In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety : in Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontroled, yet blameless, freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined ; to know her and to love her is the same thing ; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed ; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the *Æolian* harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen ; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces ; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her

countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in a higher degree than they are possessed by Flora: she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; and though she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest sensibility with the most lively gaiety; and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful yet admiring distance, Flora excites the most ardent, yet most elegant desire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility of Calisto:

Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of women.

NUMBER XLVI.

In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss.

ON SENSIBILITY.

SWEET Sensibility, thou soothing power
Who shedd'st thy blessings on the natal
hour;
Like fairy favours; Art can never seize,
Nor Affectation catch thy power to please.
Thy subtile essence still eludes the chains
Of definition, and defeats her pains.
Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight,
Thou hasty moral! sudden sense of right.
Thou untaught goodness, Virtue's precious
feed,
Thou sweet procurer of the gen'rous deed,

Beauty's quick relish, Reason's radiant morn,
Which dawns soft light before Reflection's
horn.

To those who know thee not, no words can
paint,

And those who know thee, know all words
are faint.

'Tis not to mourn because a sparrow dies,

To rave in artificial extasies ;

'Tis not to melt in Otway's tender fires ;

'Tis not to faint when injured Shore expires ;

'Tis not because the ready eye o'erflows,

At Clementina's, or Clarissa's woes,

While soft Compassion silently relieves,

Loquacious Feeling hints how much she
gives,

Laments how oft her tender heart has bled,

And boasts of many a tear she never shed.

As words are but external marks to tell

The fair ideas in the mind that dwell,

And only are of things the outward sign,

And not the things themselves, they but de-
fine.

So Exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,

And all the graceful drap'ry Pity wears ;

These are not Pity's self ; they but express

Her inward sufferings by their pictur'd
dress ;

And these fair marks reluctant I relate,
These lovely symbols may be conterfeit.
There are who fill with brilliant plaints the
page,
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage ;
Who for a wounded animal deplore,
As if friend, parent, country, were no
more ;
Who boast quick rapture tremb'ling in their
eye,
If from a spider's snare they save a fly !
Whose well-fung sorrows every breast inflame ;
And break all hearts but his from whom they
came ;
Yet seeming life's dull duties to attend,
Will persecute a wife or wrong a friend.
Alive to every woe, by fiction dress'd,
The innocent, the wrong'd, the wretch dis-
tress'd,
May plead in vain ; their sufferings seem not
near,
Or he relieves them cheaply with a tear.
Oh ! blest Compassion ; angel Charity,
More dear one genuine deed perform'd by
thee,
Than all the periods Feeling e'er can term,
Than all thy soothing pages polish'd Sterne.

Not that thy deed alone this love exprest,

If so the affluent only were the blest.

One silent wish, one prayer, one soothing
word,

The precious page of mercy shall record,
Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our mis'ries from our follies
springs.

Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And cannot save or serve, but all may please,
Oh! let the gentle spirit learn from hence,

A small unkindness is a great offence.

Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,

But all may shun the guilt of *giving pain*.

To bless mankind with tides of flowing
wealth,

With power to grace them, or to crown
with health;

Our little lot denies; but heaven decrees

To all the gift of ministr'ing to ease.

The gentle offices of patient love;

Beyond all flatt'ring, and all praise above,

The mild forbearance of another's fault,

The taunting word, suppress'd as soon as
thought.

On these heav'n bad the bliss of life depend,

And crush'd ill fortune when he makes a
friend.

A solitary blessing few can find,
Our joys with those we love are inter-
twin'd,
And he whose help false tenderness removes,
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the
breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike;
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye,
The artful injury, whose venom'd dart
Scarce wounds the hearing whil'st it stabs
the heart :
The guarded phrase, whose meaning kills, yet
told,
The list'ner wonders how you thought it
cold ;
Small slights, contempt, neglect, inmix'd with
hate,
Make up in number, what they want in
weight.
These, and a thousand griefs, minute as these,
Corrode our comfort and destroy our ease ;
As this strong feeling tends to good or ill,
It gives fresh power to vice or principle.

'Tis not peculiar to the wise and good,
'Tis Passion's flame, the virtue of the blood.
But to direct it to its proper course,
There's Wisdom's power of years, there's
Reason's force.
If ill directed it procures the wrong,
It adds new strength to what before was
strong;
Breaks out in wild irregular desires,
Disorder'd Passions and illicit fires.
But if the virtuous bias rule the soul,
This lovely feeling then adorns the whole,
Sheds it's sweet sun-shine to the moral part,
Nor wastes on Fancy what should warm the
heart.

NUMBER XLVII.

———And connects in this
His greatest Virtue and his greatest bliss.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

A Pastoral Tale.

GLYCERA was beautiful and poor. Scarce
had she numbered sixteen springs, when she
lost the mother who had brought her up. Re-
duced to servitude, she kept the flocks of La-

mon, who cultivated the lands of a rich citizen of Mitylene.

One day, her eyes flowed with tears, she went to visit her mother's solitary tomb. She poured upon the grave a cup of pure water, and suspended crowns of flowers to the branches of the bushes she had planted round it. Seated beneath the mournful shade, and drying up her tears, she said, "O thou most tender of mothers, how dear to my heart is the remembrance of thy virtues! If ever I forget the instructions thou gavest me, with such a tranquil smile, in that fatal moment, when, inclining thy head upon my bosom, I saw thee expire;—if ever I forget them, may the propitious Gods forsake me! and may thy sacred shade for ever fly me! It is thou that hast just preserved my innocence. I come to tell thy *manes* all. Wretch that I am! Is there any one on earth to whom I dare open my heart?"

"Nicias, the lord of this country, came hither to enjoy the pleasures of the autumn. He saw me; he regarded me with a soft and gracious air. He praised my flocks, and the care I took of them: he often told me that I was genteel, and made me presents. Gods! how was I deceived! but in the country who mistrusts? I

said to myself, How kind our Master is ! May the gods reward him ! All my vows shall be for him : it is all that I can do ; but I will for ever do it. The rich are happy, and favoured by the immortals. When bountiful, like Nicias, they deserve to be happy. This to myself I said, and let him take my hand, and press it in his. The other day I blushed, and dared not look up, when he put a gold ring upon my finger. See, he said, what is engraved on this stone ? A winged child, who smiles like thee ; and it is he that must make thee happy. As he spoke these words, he stroked my cheeks, that were redder than the fire. He loves me ; he has the tenderness of a father for me : how have I deserved so much kindness from a Lord, and so rich and powerful ? O ! my mother, that was all thy poor child thought. Heavens ! how was I deceived ! This morning he found me in the orchard ; he chucked me familiarly under the chin. Come, he said, bring me some new blown flowers to the myrtle bower, that I may there enjoy their sweet perfumes. With haste I chose the finest flowers ; and, full of joy, I ran to the bower. Thou art, he said more nimble than the zephyrs, and more beautiful than the goddesses of flowers. Then, immortal Gods !

I yet tremble at the thought; when he caught me in his arms, and pressed me to his bosom, and all that love can promise, all that is soft and seducing, flowed from his lips. I wept; I trembled. Unable to resist such arts, I had been for ever lost. No, thou wouldst no longer have had a child, if thy remembrance had not watched over my heart. Ah! if thy worthy mother had ever seen thee suffer such disgraceful caresses! That thought alone gave me power to force myself from the arms of the seducer and fly.

“Now I come; O with what comfort is it that I still dare! I come to weep over thy grave. Alas! poor and unfortunate as I am, why did I lose thee when so young? I droop like a flower, deprived of the support that sustained its feeble stalk. This cup of pure water I pour to the honour of thy manes. Accept this garland! Receive my tears! May they penetrate even to thy ashes! Hear, O my mother, hear; it is to thy dear remains, that repose beneath these flowers, which my eyes have so often bedewed; it is to thy sacred shade I here renew the vows of my heart. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the gods, shall make the happiness of my days. Therefore poverty shall never disturb the serenity of my mind.

May I do nothing that thou wouldst not have approved with a smile of tenderness, and I shall surely be, as thou wast, beloved of gods and men: for I shall be gentle, modest, and industrious. O my mother, by living thus, I hope to die like thee, with smiles and tears of joy."

Glycera, on quitting the place, felt all the powerful charms of virtue. The gentle warmth that was diffused over her mind sparkled in her eyes, still wet with tears. She was beautiful as those days of spring, when the sun shines through a transient shower.

With a mind quite tranquil, she was hastening back to her labour, when Nicias ran to meet her. "O Glycera! he said, and tears flowed down his cheeks, I have heard thee at thy mother's tomb. Fear nothing, virtuous maid! I thank the immortal gods! I thank that virtue, which hath preserved me from the crime of seducing thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste Glycera! Forgive, nor dread in me a fresh offence. My virtue triumphs through thine. Be wise, be virtuous, and be ever happy. That meadow, surrounded with trees, near to thy mother's tomb, and half the flock thou keepest, are thine."

May a man of equal virtue complete the happiness of thy days! Weep not virtuous maid! but accept the present I offer thee with a sincere heart, and suffer me from henceforth to watch over thy happiness. If thou refusest me, a remorse for offending thy virtue will be the torment of all my days. Forget, O vouchsafe to forget my crime, and I will revere thee as a propitious power that hath defended me against myself."

NUMBER XLVIII.

Though beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis sweetness makes it last.

THE FAIR THIEF.

I TELL, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an errant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;

Stole all the softness æther pours
On primrose buds in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles ;
She stole the graces winning smiles ;
'Twas quickly seen she rob'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye ;
She pilfer'd oriental pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath ;
The cherry steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store
To which in time she added more :
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' queen,
Her air, and love commanding mien ;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.
She sung—amazed the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd.

She play'd—the Muses from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill :
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day ;
While Jove, her pilf'ring tricks to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own ;

Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And t' other day she stole my heart.

Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy vot'ry on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be my arms.

NUMBER XLIX.

My mansion's warm and very neat,
You'd say, "a pretty snug retreat!"
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies.

STRICTURES ON GARDENING AND BUILDING.

GARDENING, says Lord Kames, was at first an useful art; but Eden was cultivated for pleasure, and a life of labour succeeded not till after the fall.

In modern language, the garden of Alcinous might be but a kitchen garden; yet, as Eustathius observes, ornaments were sought for even there, however unsuccessfully, unless we suppose the description given by Homer to be

wholly poetical, and made at the pleasure of the painter, like the little island of Phæacia. It would not be of much importance to inquire whether the gardens of Babylon were brought into use by Semiramis, Cyrus, or Belus; we find in general, that they were terraces one above the other, carried up to the height of the wall of the city, and planted with stately trees, in imitation of the hanging woods which Amyite had been accustomed to in the mountainous parts of Media. It has been supposed that Epicurus was the first that introduced gardens into Greece; but Pliny assures us he was only the first who had a garden within the city of Athens; whereas, before his time, they were without the walls, like the *Horti Suburbani* of the Romans. In such retreats this great philosopher gave the most shining precepts of morality, however misrepresented by the Stoics, or mistaken by those gross pretenders to his sect, who conceived pleasure to consist only in sensuality; they served the two purposes of assembling the philosopher's pupils for instruction, and of furnishing them, as Cowley well expresses it, with "clean and virtuous luxury."

Nor was this luxury confined merely to the philosophers; the greatest warriors sought for

houses of reflection in such retirements, and the same hands were employed in the service of agriculture, which had raised and supported the glory of their country.

Though utility was chiefly sought for in the gardens of the philosophers, yet Virgil's description of the Elysian Fields affords a most beautiful specimen of bold imagery and rich design. The full green of the woods; the gaily illuminated lawn; the grove with the rapid river issuing from it; the dusky thickets, the fresh meadows watered with rills, the sequestered vale rendered more solemn by the thick wood and placid stream. His account likewise of the old Corycian gardens makes us greatly lament that haste should have deprived the world of his masterly instructions on a subject he so much admired.

In England we have ever, till of late, most servilely copied our methods of gardening from the Italians, French, Flemish, or Dutch, all of whom indeed seem to have offered nothing better in the construction of them, than clipt hedges, parterres, squirting fountains, true love-knots, and flourishes.

Sir William Temple seems much delighted with the taste brought in by King William, of which the ever-green quarter at Kensington

remains a specimen ; and offers Moore-Park in Hertfordshire, as the most perfect figure of a garden he ever saw ; indeed, he allows there may be other forms admitted wholly irregular ; but they must owe their beauty to some extraordinary disposition of nature. Lord Bacon does not like images cut out in junipers or other garden-stuff ; he says they are only for children ; but this great man can approve of little low hedges cut round like welts, with some pretty pyramids, and in some places fair columns upon the frames of carpenters work.

Mr. Pope severely ridicules this invasion of nature, but proposes a place to be copied from, which in his time took largely of the old absurdities, and whose beauties were but trifling and puerile. Stowe, when compared with Versailles, might demand some share of admiration ; but immense would be the distance from that genuine taste which Shenstone and nature have brought us acquainted with. Stowe indeed, under its modern improvements, may be considered as a very fine specimen of taste and design, particularly by those who are unacquainted with the exquisite elegance, I had almost said, the absolute perfection of Lord Scarfdale's gardens at Kedleston.

It seems to me, says Lord Kames, far from an exaggeration, that good professors are not more essential to a college than a spacious garden, which ought to be tempered with simplicity; rejecting sumptuous and glaring ornaments: in this respect the university of Oxford may be deemed a perfect model. That the gardens of Oxford may be as useful and efficacious as those of ancient Rome, for the purpose of study and application, I will by no means presume to deny; but they are certainly as artful as their buildings; they are formal without unity of design, and complex without variety. Regularity, says the same author, is required in that part of a garden which joins the dwelling house. The beauties of a dwelling house arise from regularity and proportion, but the works of art and nature have a different destination. Utility would suffer if the ground was not polished near the dwelling; but this polish, to speak philosophically, should be, I think, inversely as the distance.

Mr. Burke doubts, "whether beauty be at all an idea belonging to proportion." Surely the effect produced by it in architecture strikes even a common eye with pleasure; the instance produced from vegetables is not much

to the purpose; for it will appear from an accurate survey, that there is more regularity in the parts of flowers, than is commonly imagined; their forms indeed are infinitely varied, but, in the same plant nature seldom deviates from the laws of proportion, and some of our best botanists have actually founded much of their systems upon the proportion of the parts. So far therefore from supposing no beauty to result from proportion, we may infer that some part at least of the beauty even of vegetables arises from it. It is supposed by modern rules that all avenues of course must be cut down; but I am far from thinking that they may not frequently remain to great advantage; they must be long and wide, and should properly lead to a Gothic castle, town, or any other large and ancient building. I know it has been said by Mr. Burke, that avenues of a moderate length are far grander, and that a true artist should always put a generous deceit on the spectator; but, though perspective will lessen greatness in height as it gains in length, yet I think it is equally certain, that the duke of Montague's avenues will be considered as far more grand than those in St. James's Park.

To remedy the ill effects of a straight line, an uniform curve is now adopted; but altera-

tion is not always improvement; and it reminds me of the conduct of the matron, who, to prevent her daughter from dropping her chin into her bosom, threw it up into the air by the aid of a steel collar. Hoggath's Analysis has as yet been read to very little purpose.

Grandeur may possibly be enforced by surprise, but propriety will suffer for it; a magnificent building will certainly appear more magnificent after viewing a cottage; but where is the connection between a dairy and a Chinese temple, a rustic seat and a Grecian altar?

We rarely see the whole of a building, with its furniture, confined to one expression—some minute article has for ever given us a disgust—we view an hermitage, for instance, from the gloomy entrance into it; the crucifix and other emblems placed in order; the straw bed and old seat; we are so struck with the solemnity of the scene, that we are even in expectation of seeing the saint himself approach to meet us—till all of a sudden a modern dining-table presents itself to view, and at once destroys all our enthusiasm.

Elevations of the different parts of Blenheim house, when viewed separately on paper, are not unworthy of the greatest architect; but, when taken together, the whole appears

as a most heavy pile of building ; there is no contrast, no relief, though Mr. Pope, perhaps, made too severe a remark when he called it “ a quarry of stones above ground.”

Many of our modern houses have been built from Italian models, without the least reference or conformity to the change of country : on account of heat in Italy, it is necessary to have but few windows : this must ever make a building not only appear heavy, but of course produce a contrary effect to that which ought to be sought for in a northern clime.

It was not always a specimen of bad taste in our ancestors that they built their houses in a valley, and moated them round about : safety in those times was principally to be considered ; and improvements in mechanics had not then enabled them to live with equal convenience above hill as below. The common opinion at present is, that a house cannot have too much prospect ; but I would carefully distinguish between looking at, and overlooking objects ; the summit may be very proper for an observatory, but not always for a dwelling house ; from which all objects, I think, should be seen distinctly, without the aid of a telescope. A garden on a flat, it is said, ought to be highly and variously ornamented, in order

to occupy the mind and prevent its regretting the insipidity of an uniform plain. Artificial mounts in this view are common; but no person has thought of an artificial walk elevated high above the plain. The effect of such a walk is most admirably exemplified in Mr. Garrick's polished ground at Hampton.

Art should ever be timid of overstepping the modesty of nature, for any thing overdone is from the purpose, and, though it may make the unskilful admire, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of whom (as Shakespeare observes to the actors) must in your allowance outweigh a whole theatre of others.

Gardening then, in its highest stage of improvement, is of the nature of an Epic poem; the plan must be great, intire, and one. Even the least portions must have a reference to the whole. Nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling conceits which bad poets, or bad gardeners, are always ready to introduce. By which the observer is misled into another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is designed in the general plan. One conduces to the designer's aim, the completing of his work; the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in

an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his main adventure. In short, as Pope says,

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot.
Still follow sense, of every Art the soul;
Parts, answering parts, shall slide into a whole.

NUMBER L.

Dear, damn'd, distracting town, farewell.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

HOUSES, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant, in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords, of laundresses afraid;

Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men ;
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen ;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions ;
Worth, beneath a thread-bare cover ;
Villainy——bedaub'd all over ;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray ;
Handsome, ugly, noisy still,
Some that will not, some that will ;
Many a beau, without a shilling,
Many a widow, not unwilling ;
Many a bargain, if you strike it,
This is London ;—How d'ye like it ?

END OF VOL. III.



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